

The Graphic

March 10.
15 cents



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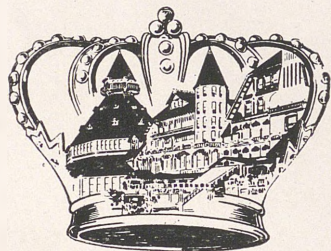
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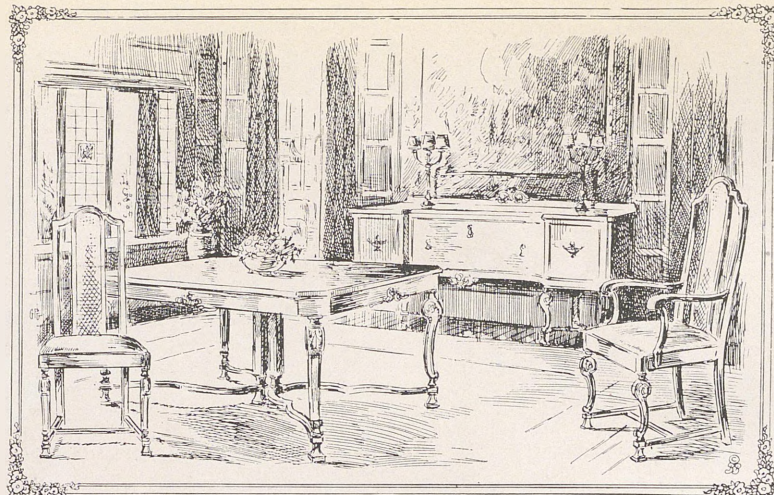
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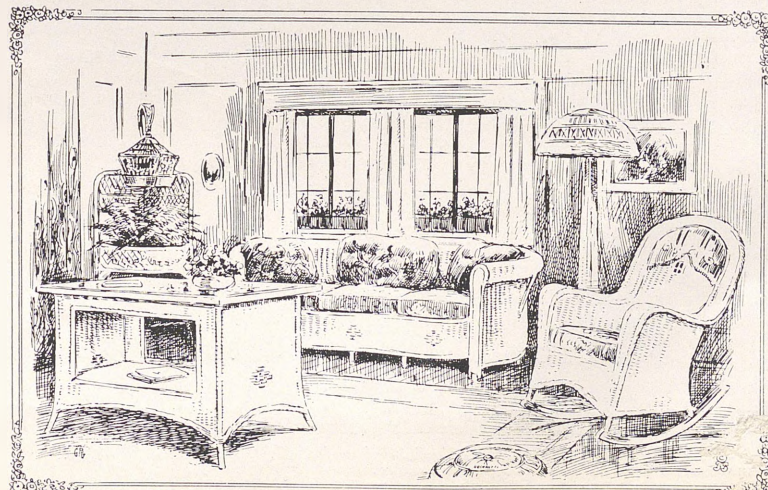
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 424 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

GAVIN-BUCKLEY. Formal announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Gavin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Gavin of Los Angeles to Lieutenant Francis P. Buckley, son of Mrs. A. Buckley of San Francisco. The wedding is to take place this month.

BATE-FORD. Miss Neva Don Bates, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bates, Camp Point, Illinois, to Mr. Ralph Ford of Pomona. Mr. Ford is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ford and during the past year has lived in Los Angeles. The marriage will take place early in April and the young couple will reside in Spokane, Washington.

HOFFER-MAY. Formal announcement made of the betrothal of Miss Marie Hoffer to Lieutenant Thomas Everett May. Both Miss Hoffer and Lieutenant May are graduates of the Oregon College of Agriculture. No date has been named as yet for the wedding.

MORRISON-PHILLIPS. Miss Amy Morrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrison of Redlands to Mr. Henry Asby Phillips, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Blakewell Phillips of Pasadena. The marriage will be an event of the summer.

MITCHELL-COFFEEN. Miss Edith Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchell of New Mexico to John M. Coffeen, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Coffeen of Pasadena. No date has been set as yet for the wedding.

KENNEDY-SHAFFER. Miss Marjorie Kennedy of Pasadena to Lieutenant Ed Shaffer. Formal announcement was made a few days ago at a luncheon given at the San Gabriel Country Club.

WEDDINGS

ISEL-BAKER. Miss Blanche Isel of Tacoma, Washington, and Mr. Roger Baker, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Brand boulevard, Glendale. The wedding took place early in February. Young Mr. Baker is stationed at Camp Lewis for the present and the young people will make their home in the North temporarily.

BIXBY-FRYE. At Memphis, Tennessee, Tuesday, February 26, Miss Barbara Bixby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bixby of Long Beach and Lieutenant William A. Frye, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Frye of Los Angeles.

ANGSTAD-BARNES. Miss Myrtelle Blanche Angstad, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Angstad and Mr. Henry Edwin Barnes of Redondo Beach. The marriage was celebrated at the Pico Heights Congregational church a fortnight ago. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes will make their home at Redondo Beach.

SCHNEIDER-HOUSE. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Shaffer of San Anas, February 21, Miss Marjorie Schneider became the bride of Mr. David House of Hemet. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Schneider of Pomona. Mr. and Mrs. House will make their home in Hemet.

WAINRIGHT-HAUSER. Miss Elsie N. Wainright, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Wainright of West Fiftieth street, Los Angeles, and Mr. Franklin Hauser, son of Mr. Julius Hauser, also of Los Angeles. The marriage took place at Christ Episcopal Church, Tuesday evening, February 26.

BEACH-RYAN. Miss Bonnie Lucille Beach, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Beach of Kingsley drive, and Lieutenant Russell C. Ryan. The marriage took place Thursday, February 28, at the Little Church Around the Corner, in New York. Lieutenant and Mrs. Ryan are guests at the present at the Waldorf-Astoria.

LAIRD-KUZELL. Miss Elizabeth Laird and Mr. Dudley F. Kuzell. The marriage took place Saturday, March 2, at the First Methodist church. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Louis N. Laird, a capitalist of Coalinga. Mr. Kuzell is the son of Mr. Frank Kuzell, a Cleveland banker, and a graduate of the Stanford University law school.

TARLETON-GIANELLONI. Miss Marcelle Tarleton and Lieutenant Vivian J. Gianelloni. The marriage was celebrated at San Pedro a week or so ago, where the bridegroom is stationed. The bridegroom is a native of Baton Rouge, La., while the bride is from Mississippi, although more recently from Oakland.

FISHER-FRIEDMAN. Miss Adelaide Fisher, daughter of Mrs. Mary O. Aull of Los Angeles and Mr. Leo R. Friedman of San Francisco. The marriage took place in San Jose, Thursday, February 28. Mr. and Mrs. Friedman will make their home in San Francisco.

MCDOWELL-WARD. Miss Grace Lucile McDowell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McDowell of Morgan Place, Hollywood, and Mr. Homer F. Ward. The wedding was celebrated Monday, February 25, at the home of the bride's parents.

WEIL-CREIGHTON. Miss Flora Weil and Mr. H. W. Creighton. The marriage was celebrated at the home of the bride's sister in South Berendo street a fortnight ago. After a brief wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Creighton will return to make their home in Los Angeles.

ANDREWS-KUNOU. Mrs. Della Andrews and Mr. Charles A. Kunou, both of Los Angeles. The marriage was solemnized at Riverside, February 16. Mr. and Mrs. Kunou are at home to their friends at 4509 Van Ness avenue, Los Angeles.

MICHO-DALTON. Miss Rose Michod and Mr. Trevally G. Dalton. The marriage was solemnized Thursday, February 21 at the University Methodist Church, Los Angeles. The bride is well known in this city and a member of the class of '15 of the College of Fine Arts. Mr. Dalton is a prominent young attorney of Los Angeles.

HEGGIE-JACQUES. Mrs. R. C. Heggie of Hollywood announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Laurie Vassar to Mr. Joseph E. Jacques of Kitchener, Canada. Mr. Jacques and his bride are enjoying an extended honeymoon trip through the North.

PARIS-SWAIN. Miss Mollie Isabel Paris, daughter of Mrs. Robert Leckie Paris and Mr. Lacy Sidell Swaine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lacy Swaine. The bride is a former resident of Ottawa, Canada. Mr. Swaine is connected with the First National Bank of Los Angeles.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham Hambly of North Heliotrope Drive, Los Angeles, are being extended the congratulations of their friends upon the arrival of a small son, Graham Hambly, Jr., who arrived at the California Hospital Monday, March 4.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

Monday, March 11. The Monday Musical Club will give a Red Cross benefit program at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald on Western avenue and West Adams street.



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RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

The Saturday Night Dinner-Dances at the Midwick Country Club will continue during the Season and will be informal.

Saturday, March 16. The Red Cross Bird Cage Shops committee will give its next dinner dance at the Alexandria Hotel, March 16. The decorations and favors will be in keeping with St. Patrick's Day.

ENGAGEMENTS

McGUIRE—FRICKE. Formal announcement is made of the betrothal of Miss Betsy Thayer McGuire of Los Angeles to Capt. Albert E. Fricke, Company 26 Engineers Corps, last stationed at Camp Dix, N. J. The wedding will take place in New York in the near future.

GOLF

Club Cup every Saturday afternoon during March at Midwick Country Club.

Ball Sweepstakes every Wednesday afternoon during March at Midwick Country Club.

March 13. Special Tournament for two cups at Midwick Country Club.

March 4 and 18. Exhibition Golf Matches on the Midwick Course by visiting and local professionals.

March 22-23. Open Professional Golf Tournament, Asheville Country Club.

March 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29. Handicap Tournament at Coronado Country Club, for golfers holding handicap of 12 or over.

March 27, 28, 29, 30. Southern California Golf Association Invitation Tournament at Midwick Country Club.

January 1 to April 1. Coronado Country Club Under handicap. Weekly competition for bona fide guests of Hotel del Coronado. Silver cup to winner of each weekly competition.

April 10-13. Third Annual April Invitation Tournament, Asheville Country Club.

TRAP SHOOTING

March 9 and 23 at 3 P. M. Trap Shooting events at Midwick Country Club.

ART

During month of March Exhibit of paintings by Dana Bartlett at The Friday Morning Club.

March 5-30. Exhibit of the paintings of the L. A. Modern Art Society at the Second Floor of the Brack Shops.

March 1 to 15. Exhibition of paintings by Karl Yens at Museum of History, Science and Art, Gallery of Fine and Applied Arts, Exposition Park.

CLUBS

March 13. The Annual Meeting of the Midwick Country Club will be held in the Club House at 4 p. m.

March 13. The Annual Dinner of the Men Members of the Midwick Country Club will be given in the Club Grill at 8 p. m.

March 11. Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe. Madame Angelini will speak on Italy's "Bit" in Conduct of the War.

March 18. Messrs. Ralph L. Criswell, R. F. del Valle and W. B. Mathews will speak on "The Municipal Power Development as Related to Fuel Conservation" at the Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe.

March 25. Miss Margaret Gardner, Mrs. R. F. Waters and John L. Butler will speak on "Enforcing the Laws of Our City" at the Woman's City Club luncheon in Hamburger's Cafe.

MUSIC

March 18. Monday Eve. L. A. Music Teachers' Assn. regular meeting (Program) Symphony Hall.

March 12. Frieda Hempel, Soprano, at Trinity Auditorium.

March 14. Lyric Club Concert at Trinity Auditorium.

March 15. Sonato Evening at Blanchard Hall by May McDonald Hope, Pianist, and Josef Rosenfeld, Violinist, assisted by Charles Henri de la Platte, Basso.

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Little's selection of friendship building greeting cards for Easter and everyday use is most pleasing and extensive.

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The Graphic

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ELBRIDGE D. RAND, - - - - - Owner
ALFRED L. FENTON, - - - - - Publisher
ERNEST MCGAFFEY, - - - - - Editor
CHAS. A. HAWLEY, - - - - - Advertising Manager

Vol. 52

MARCH 10, 1918

No. 5

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Publishers' Announcement

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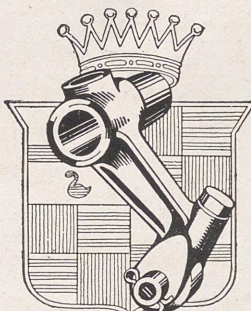
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134



The [Rocker] *Arm*

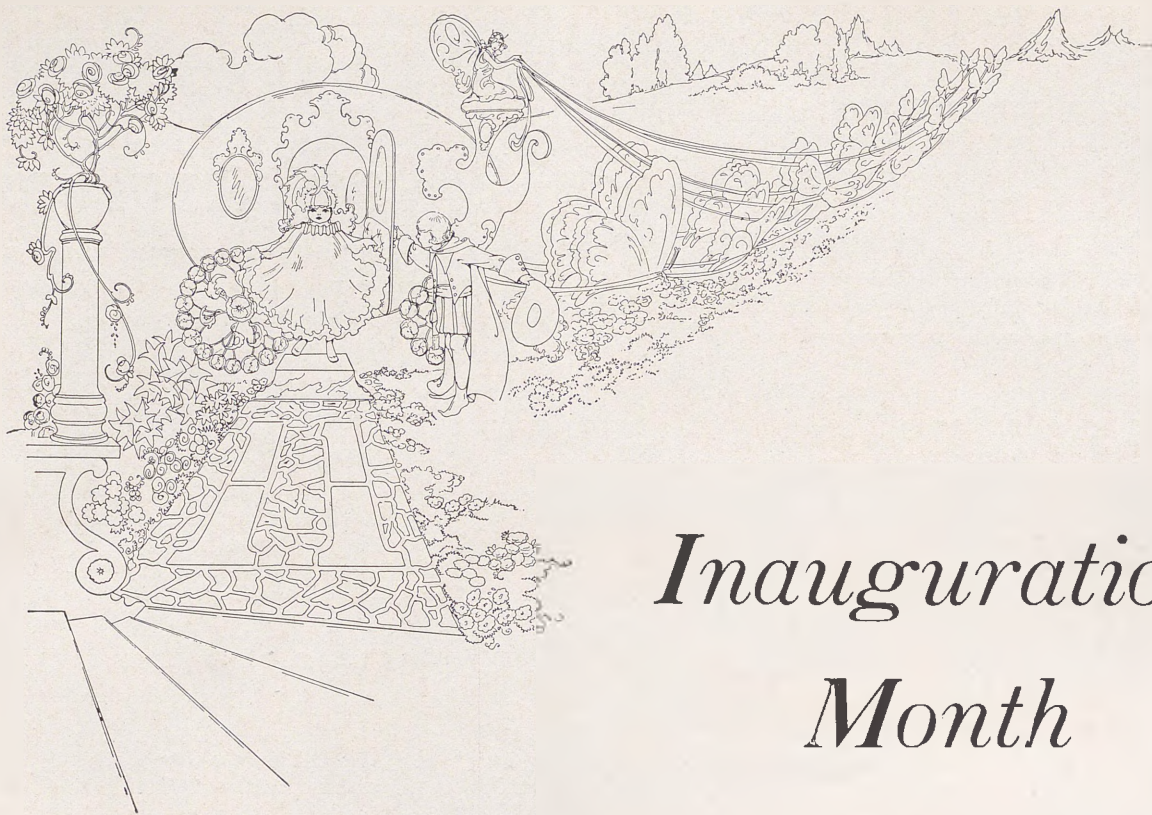
Finishing touches often constitute the difference between a good painting and a masterpiece.

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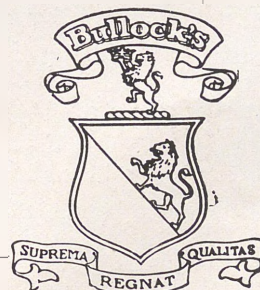
—Bullock's 11th Inauguration is a month wherein we pause for a moment to review the activities of the Past that activities of the Future may be gauged for new momentum into new Fields of Performance—adding new building stones of Thought to the Bullock Ideal of Business—"a business that will never know completion, but that will advance continually to meet advancing conditions."

—Bullock's Inauguration is a period that marks the Dawn of New Opportunity for a business that has always striven to meet the requirements of friends—"to create a personality that will be known for its strength and friendliness"—to DO THE RIGHT THING with enthusiasm—to be sincere at all times.

—Bullock's Inauguration is a month for exploitation of the NEW in every section of this great store—and while it is not a sale, yet it is a month where value is every bit as eminent.

—Many very unusual purchases have been made—and throughout the month they will be offered at very attractive prices.

—Really there is so much of interest emphasized in this Morning Month of Bullock's 12th New Year, that you should come whenever you can to participate.



The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



Hoover Studio

MRS. DON C. GOODWIN

One of the most attractive of the war brides. Mrs. Goodwin before her marriage in August was Miss Laura Stone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Stone of Binghamton, N. Y. While Mr. Goodwin is training for his officer's commission at American Lake, this charming young bride is making her home in Los Angeles with her husband's mother, Mrs. G. H. A. Goodwin.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT CANNOT BE too often repeated, it cannot be too indelibly impressed upon the people of The United States that the sole issue before them is the winning of the war. Retrospection as to what the world was four years ago, or speculation as to what it will be when the conflict is over are alike vain and futile. Such day-dreaming is childish, and worthy only of the visionary who "looks before and after, and pines for what is not." We have put our hands to the plough, and we cannot turn back. If the furrow drops to cover a million graves it must be followed to the very end. At the beginning of hostilities, word was flashed abroad that a great naval battle had been fought in the North Sea, and the German fleet demolished. This was only one of numberless canards which were disproved in a very short time. Some truth, and tons of pure invention have been scattered through the columns of the press and the pages of magazines and periodicals, and the people are much too apt to catch at the straws of vague peace rumors, or misleading fairy tales of possible revolutions. We have not yet, as an entire people, awakened to the seriousness of the conditions, nor the desperate game the Central Powers are playing. Some of our citizens, both men and women, are keenly alive to the situation, and are doing their full share of the work required. But what is imperative is a wave of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice which will reach and be kept at high tide in every home, and by every hearth-stone. What is needed is the spirit which animated Washington at Valley Forge, Lawrence in his sea-fight with The Shannon, Bowie and Travis at The Alamo, Lincoln after the battle of Manassas, Grant in the darkest days of the Civil War, and Custer at the Little Big-Horn. Then, and not until then, will the problem confronting us be on its way toward solution. Then, and not until then will the pendulum of victory begin to swing in our direction.

THE MANY ART exhibits which are being shown in the city from time to time are well worth attending and encouraging. Los Angeles is one day destined to be a really great Art center. It has within its gates, and in every direction about it, a wealth of material for the artist and the etcher. There is a great opportunity awaiting some public-spirited citizen to send his name down to future generations by establishing and endowing a splendid Art Gallery, named for himself, and presented to the City. Such a gift would be a monument for the ages, as well as an inspiration to both artists and the public through all the years to come.

AMONG THE FORGETTABLE studies taught in the Public Schools are some which occupy considerable time and attention on the part of the scholars. A certain amount of mental training—of mind discipline—is undoubtedly given in this way, so that comparative ignorance of these branches in after-life is not an entire loss. But there is one thing which could well be made compulsory in the Public Schools, a part of every boy's and girl's education. Something which they should all be compelled to learn not later than at ten years of age. That "something" is the art of swimming.

It is an accomplishment which is never forgotten. It is an insurance against losing one's own life, and is often the means of saving the lives of others. It is, in addition, the best all-round exercise known, (even excelling hand-ball) since it brings into play every muscle of the body. No amount of education will aid anyone who cannot swim, if he falls into deep water. Thousands of promising lives are lost each year in The United States simply because the victims did not know how to swim. Every girl and boy of ten years should be taught to be at home in the water, the same as they are obliged to master the elementary studies. Swimming ought to be made a compulsory part of every child's education. If the Public Natatoriums and beaches do not provide sufficient opportunities for this, then The Board of Education should build a natatorium for every two schools, provide competent teachers, and make swimming as mandatory as learning to read and write.

FASHION is now preening her wings like a lordly peacock, and modes and methods are holding the center of the stage, "the observed of all observers." The fashions come and go, they change and re-change, and are as fickle as their fair and charming feminine votaries. It is obviously absurd to speak of "fashions" for men. A stiff hat, a hard collar, a rigid tie, an indurated shirt, and the average unlovely coat, vest, trousers and shoes are quite enough for the modern mere man. The days of Brummell, Feilding, Nash, Buckingham, D'Orsay and their ilk are long since departed. Wigs, ruffles, laces, shoe-buckles and all such dainty fripperies have been turned over to the ladies, God bless 'em! And whether in hoop-skirts distended out to a balloon-atic bursting-point, or sheathed in a tight skirt like a sword in its scabbard, woman, lovely lovely woman—Julia, Doris, Chloe, *et al*, charge madly down the aisles of the Department stores, while Clarence ("false, fleeting, perjured Clarence") pays the bills.

BALLADE OF BERENICE

From far Egyptian sands she came
To set a Caesar's heart on fire,
The Princess of a royal name
And sum of all the world's desire,
The sun lay on his funeral pyre
As she drove down the Roman street,
With silk and gold as her attire
And hair that rippled to her feet.

The gladiators roared acclaim
When she drew near and passed them by,
Her look the haughtiest stare could tame,
The stormy lightnings of her eye
Held such a depth of sorcery
Their fierce barbarian pulses beat,
As she swept on with chariot high
And hair that rippled to her feet.

Not Cleopatra's vaunted fame
Might vie for loveliness with her,
And not Calpurnia's wifely claim
Could so the soul of Caesar stir,
As half-blown rose, or scent of myrrh
Her presence seemed an odor sweet,
With limbs which carved porphyry were
And hair that rippled to her feet.

ENVOI

Prince! thus she saw and conquered Rome
As song and legend oft repeat;
With face that thrilled the hippodrome
And hair that rippled to her feet.

BY THE WAY

BRADNER W. Lee, Jr., whose portrait appears in this issue, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Bradner W. Lee of 690 South Berendo Street. He was educated at Harvard Military School and Stanford University, was admitted to the bar, entered practice in association with his father and brother, Kenyon F. Lee, and soon became recognized as one of the most promising of the younger lawyers of this city. Upon the proclamation of war with Germany, he volunteered early in April last in the Naval Militia of California, in which he was commissioned an Ensign, proceeded with this organization to San Francisco, and within a week later was enrolled as a National Naval Volunteer Officer in the United States Navy with rank of Ensign, immediately assigned to duty upon a Destroyer, proceeding at once to sea. The ship on which he is now third officer has been attached to the Atlantic Fleet since July last, and he has been on continuous active duty at sea, both in home and foreign waters since his departure from this coast. Bradner W. Lee, Jr. is a member of The Society of the Sons of the Revolution, also a member of The Society of Colonial Wars, as well as Secretary of The Bachelors Club of this city.

ARTIST IN NEW YORK

READERS of THE GRAPHIC will remember that many of the most striking cover designs of this magazine have come from the pencil of Norman Geddes. Mr. Geddes also is the author of the play, "The Thunderbird," the music to which was written by Charles Wakefield Cadman, and an arrangement of it played by our Symphony Orchestra, last season. At present Mr. Geddes and his wife are in New York, where they submitted the sketches for stage setting of the new Cadman opera, "Shanewis," to be performed on the Metropolitan opera house stage, in about ten days. In an interview in the New York Times, Mr. Geddes tells of the realism that is to be worked into the setting of the second scene of the Cadman opera, which shows a summer pow-wow on an Oklahoma reservation. Every effort will be made toward presenting a true picture of such an occasion and not the be-feathered and noble specimen of the Red Man that is held in mind by Easterners as the inhabitant of every Indian reservation, while, as a matter of fact, the reservation Indian is a pretty decadent individual. In the same issue of the Times there was printed a three-column drawing of the latest vocal sensation, Galli-Curci, from Mr. Geddes' pencil.

ANOTHER VICTORY

WITH a campaign organized on an "All or none" basis, with \$18,536.00 to be raised in twenty-four hours, The Young Women's Christian Association, rallied, advanced, charged, and won a complete victory over the forces of General "Apathy," closing a whirlwind one-day assault with close to thirty-five hundred dollars to spare. It was another stirring example of what the ladies can do when it comes to organization, and accomplishing results. It is true that some few trousered and be-whiskered "Allies" in the shape of "men-folks" trailed along and helped out the best they could, but it was the enthusiasm and inspiration of the fair sex that gained the day, after all. The Y. W. C. A. has added another wreath of laurel to its record of victories, and Los Angeles may well be proud of the women who brought this campaign to such a successful conclusion.

NOW, PRESIDENT BEHYMER, G. C.

ON the declination of Fred Blanchard to stand for election as President of the Gamut Club, that interesting party of professional and business men did about the only thing possible under the circumstances—and that was to elect L. E. Behymer to that office. Mr. Behymer had been Vice-President for several years and ever since the club moved into its present

building, he has been a sort of "Purveyor General" of talent to the club. It was on Mr. Behymer's original suggestion, twelve years ago, that the club took over the lease of Mr. Dobinson on its present building. And it is undoubtedly through his good offices that many of the great artists visiting Los Angeles have been seen and heard at the club dinners. Mr. Blanchard acted as President for about eight years and piloted the club's finances through some strenuous and disconcerting periods. Much of the popularity of the club's functions with the members and their friends is due to these two men.

PAY YOUR TAXES EARLY

IT IS just as patriotic to pay your taxes promptly and thereby help the local Government in its work as it is to aid the Government generally in the work it is doing. Money paid in March will save a considerable amount of money to the County which would otherwise have to be paid out for interest on unpaid and registered County Warrants. Waiting until the last minute makes extra help a necessity to meet the rush, and incidentally all this expense has to be footed by the tax-payers finally. Just for a novelty, why not pay your taxes early this year.

A TIMELY POSTAL CARD

THE Salt Lake Railway officials in their latest patriotic post card, entitled "Don't wiggle the wire," quote Lincoln's never-to-be-forgotten words to the complaining commission who were finding fault with the Administration. "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope; would you shake the cable, or keep shouting out to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in our hands. We are doing the very best we can. Don't badger us. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

A GLAD-HAND CORPS

AS long as there are so many strangers continually arriving in Los Angeles, why not organize a "Glad-Hand Corps" to board incoming trains a short distance from town to meet and greet strangers, and give them all necessary information possible in order to help them along in their journey? Arrangements could doubtless be made with the Rail-

way Companies so that the members of such a Corps could enter the trains at some point prior to getting into the city. Put this Corps in uniform, so as to form an Official Information Staff, and equip each one with a city directory and railway time-tables so he could answer questions. Have a badge inscribed "Los Angeles Glad-Hand Greeters" attached to the breast of each uniform. Such a Corps would cost the city, or some live local Organization, very little, and the advertisement for Los Angeles would be effective, and unique. No other city in America has such a Corps. In case any passenger should be overcome by such unexpected and welcome kindness, "first-aid" experts are sure to be found in every passenger car. Think it over!

CROSSING THE BAR

CURTAINS for our venerable friend "John Barleycorn." Even in a few short weeks and the "thirst garage," the "licensed victualler," the beer emporium, the rum parlor—in a word, the bar,—will be a thing of the past. Bar fixtures, plate-glass furnishings, ornate mirrors, glittering pyramids of glassware, etc., all will be headed for the gulf of oblivion, f. o. b.



Histed

ENSIGN BRADNER W. LEE, JR.

Third officer of a destroyer somewhere on the Atlantic. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Bradner W. Lee

BY THE WAY

THE reception and banquet of the Chamber of Commerce on Friday evening, February 22nd, with Frank A. Vanderlip as the guest of honor and the speaker of the evening was an unqualified success. The spacious and handsome dining-room of the Alexandria hotel was crowded with the most distinguished of Los Angeles citizens, and not only an enjoyable, but a memorable evening was passed. The music and decorations added to the setting of the banquet, and in every respect the affair was a distinct credit to the men who planned and carried it out.

One significant feature of the dinner was the fact that Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury, was a guest at the Speaker's table. Mr. Vanderlip was at one time the private secretary of Mr. Gage when the latter was President of the First National Bank of Chicago, and later, when Mr. Gage became the head of the United States Treasury and a member of the McKinley and Roosevelt Cabinets, Mr. Vanderlip accompanied him to Washington and was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, holding that office from 1897 until 1901. Truly, the whirligig of time is responsible for some unique shiftings in the tide of human affairs. After the reading of a letter from former President L. D. Sale, who was unable to attend on account of illness, and the reading of a telegram from Congressman Henry Z. Osborne, President-Elect Oscar C. Mueller delivered a brief but pithy address, and the speaker of the evening was introduced by Toastmaster Harry Haldeman.

Mr. Vanderlip may not be an orator from the Demosthenean standpoint, but he knows how to drive his points home with absolute clearness, and with relentless logic. He did not indulge in any flights of word-painting or glittering metaphor, but he placed before his audience a concrete statement of facts which cannot be denied nor evaded. His topic was couched in the words, "Save and Serve." In a nutshell, it was "Save and Serve, and win the War, or Waste and Shirk, and lose the War." There was no sugar-coating on the speaker's sentences, no dodging of conditions, no "hifalutin" appeals to the flag and freedom, but just a plain unvarnished warning of what the American people must do if they expect to win the war. Its very aloofness and lack of passion made it bite in like an etcher's burin. The acid test—will the people of the United States stand it, or will they fail? It is a question that is up to every man, woman, and child in the nation. We cannot eat the cake of extravagance and expect, at the same time, to keep the cake of liberty. Even now Fate is shaking the dice of destiny, and the result of the game is going to be freedom or slavery. Do we realize it? For ourselves, for our children, for the future generations? Whether we do or do not, the record of history will determine.

When a man is terribly in earnest he is not thinking of what impression he is going to make on his hearers. He is thinking only of speaking the truth. The address given before the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Banquet by Mr. Vanderlip bore this stamp of vital sincerity. It was a call to arms without the sounding of trumpets or the roll of the drums. It was dispassionate, and philosophical, but it never flinched from the direct line of its argument. We are at the cross-roads. To the left stretches the broad and easy way which leads to destruction; to the right lies the straight and narrow path which leads to salvation. If we cannot, as a people, give our lives to the winning of this war, then we will lose, and, losing, be the forgers of our own manacles. "Save and Serve." It is a wise, and a comprehensive slogan—none better.

The speaker pointed out that the war is not only unwon, but that it is not nearly over; that thus far Germany has won, re-echoing the flaming words of Rear-Admiral William S. Fullam at the banquet given at the Coronado Hotel months ago. Why should we steep ourselves in pleasant day-dreams and vain surmises so long as a single German regiment is in

the field? America has many thousands of men in khaki, but according to Mr. Vanderlip's testimony, these men, in various camps, are sadly lacking in equipment. Taken all in all, the address was neither soothing to our pride, nor satisfying to our complacency, but it certainly carried conviction in every phrase and sentence.

The photograph reproduced herewith is one taken of Mr. Vanderlip when he was elected President of the Press Club of Chicago in 1894. In 1893 he was a member of the Board of Directors of that Club; and his energy and ability in that office were rewarded by his unanimous election as President of the Club in 1894. He made a popular and progressive chief officer of the Press Club, and is a life-member of the organization. In those days Mr. Vanderlip was connected with the Chicago Tribune, first as a reporter, and later, as financial editor. His work in the celebrated Wabash Railway Bond case, tried before Judge Walter Q. Gresham in the United States Court was one of the turning points in his career. He distanced and "scooped" the entire newspaper fraternity of the "windy city" in his handling of this great contest, and won more than a local fame thereby.

As an old newspaper man, he has never lost his democratic outlook on life, and the members of the "fourth estate" find him the same genial "hustler" who mounted the stairs at Clark and Madison streets in the days when the Press Club of Chicago enjoyed the unique distinction of being a Press Club composed of newspaper men.

REPORT OF LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

THE very comprehensive and valuable report of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for 1917, lately issued, shows an immense amount of work done for the benefit of the city, in manufacture, commerce, agriculture and many other channels, and also presents a notable record of activities carried on in connection with the war. Not only were the movements started outside the Chamber of Commerce vigorously co-operated with, but a number of plans originating with the Chamber itself were carried to a successful conclusion. One thousand and three new members were added to the membership lists during the year of 1917. The projects handled by the Chamber of Commerce in 1917 were so many and so important in the life of the community, that no

attempted condensation of them would do the subject justice. Nothing less than a careful and studious reading of the report as a whole will give any idea of the almost numberless ways in which the Chamber of Commerce, its officers, committees and members have been giving their time, money, and energy to the City of Los Angeles, and to the country—as to war measures.

FLAMBOYANT PATRIOTISM

THERE is such a thing as real patriotism, quiet, heart-felt, self-sacrificing; and again there is a species of patriotism that is flamboyant, publicity-seeking, self-advertising, made for public consumption, without any self-sacrifice on the part of its owner or purveyor. Which kind of patriotism is suggested by the following we will leave our readers to determine. Mayor Woodman not long ago received a letter from a not too prominent newspaper in New York asking him to undertake a propaganda to destroy all busts, statues and medallions of the great German authors, musicians or scientists which might be in the Los Angeles parks and public buildings; to have the bronze melted down and sold for the Red Cross. We suggest that before a large committee is appointed for this patriotic destruction, that a small one first be sent out with microscopes to locate any public monuments or statues to men of literary or musical genius, of any nationality, in the public parks of Los Angeles; and that a reward be offered for anyone so discovered. Beautifying its public properties with statues, busts and medallions to the deceased great is not a form of art that Los Angeles indulges in to any notable extent. Aside from our one lone Senator, who is there?



FRANK A. VANDERLIP

In 1894 when he was elected President of the Chicago Press Club

THE ART OF J. BOND FRANCISCO

By ERNEST McGAFFEY



NO. 11, SUNSET, MARSHES AT BALBOA BEACH



NO. 3, EVENING

FROM at least one layman's point of view, the exhibit of paintings from the brush of Mr. Francisco now on view at Cannell Smith Chaffin Company at 720 West Seventh street, is one of memorable note. Immediately upon entering the room there is an effect, scanning the exhibition as a whole, of life, power, and color. At first, it seems as if every picture was a striking one. Then, as the eye accustoms itself to the various themes, and the handling of these themes, particular favorites are selected, exceptionally beautiful landscapes are picked out, and the music and poetry of the finest of these paintings is silently and reverently enjoyed.

The spectator who enjoys no skill in technique, who is confessedly ignorant of the means employed by the artist to produce effects, can only say, frankly, and with perfect freedom—"I like this picture; this picture I do not like." He should be able to tell, from his standpoint, why he likes, and why he dislikes. It is the art critic's province to explain, elucidate and prove the merits or demerits of a painting from the technical, or artistic vantage-ground which he may occupy. But the mere lover of pictures, the student of the beautiful, may confidently approach an exhibition of this calibre, and certainly find the rare individuality of the artist who has molded his dreams into tints and curves, into light and shadow, and enjoy the keen, intuitive love of nature apparent in the main body of the pictures.

There are seventeen paintings in all, and all are landscapes. This is a severe test at the commencement, for there is always apt to be a suggestion of repetition, where the exhibit discloses but one choice of expression. There is, also, the danger of similarity to be found in comparison with other landscape artists. The one saving grace in all creative art must come from the individuality of the man or woman from whom the work emanates. If there is originality, there is genius; if there is lack of originality, there is talent—sometimes great talent, but not the elusive something which grips the imagination.

"The light that never was
on sea or land;
The consecration and the
Poet's dream."

In these seventeen paintings there were ten which pleased me very much indeed. Which ones? Faith, why should I presume to say "this picture is good, because I like it; don't bother with this one, I cannot find anything in it." That would be to arrogate the privilege of the

art critic; and often a true art critic will modestly say that his likes and his dislikes are not intended to be spoken *ex officio*.

Of three of these pictures, since they are reproduced with this article, I am going to be reckless enough to dwell on, although purely as an amateur, a lover of beauty in all creative art, and a student at the feet of many artists, both those famous and those un-famous. As a "cat may look at a King" so a novice may gaze on, and find food for sincere rejoicing in canvases which to him bring vitally the sense of the beautiful. No. 1 in the exhibition, "The Apache Trail," is a great broad sweep of river, canyon, mountain and glowing perspective which gives an instant sense (to me, of course) of compelling beauty. There is a suggestion in this painting (and in many of the others) of a hand untired, and an imagination still vigorous. Beyond the rifted vistas of the background seem to stretch other vistas purely of the imagination, mountain chains and peaks mirrored by the telling effect of those already in view. The coloring of this particular painting seems to me lovely in the extreme. The blending of the hues gives me the same sensation as when great harmonies are flung from an organ at the touch of a Master.

No. 11, "Sunset, Marshes at Balboa Beach," was to an old and hardened duck-shooter like myself, the very soul of evening on the marsh. The gradations of scarlet and brick-red tints observable at such times are so skilfully woven in with the hintings of cloudy shreds of snowy filaments which trail above, that one can feel, although it is hidden, the flight of the God of Day into the far abysses.

"Slow sinks, more lovely
ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the
setting sun."

No. 3, "Evening," is a beautiful sundown study, exquisitely toned in shadings and variations of shadings. Of all of Mr. Francisco's paintings, this one only, reminded me of another artist. I seemed to find a reminiscence of Albert Bierstadt's coloring in the scheme, and yet it may well be that I am mistaken, for it is years since I saw a Bierstadt landscape. Some of the pictures I did not care for at all. Possibly these were among the best there. Granted, and yet you must go and see them all to be able to judge. Do not miss seeing them.



NO. 1, THE APACHE TRAIL

JOHN MASEFIELD ENGLAND'S SAILOR POET

By JO NEELY

UNLIKE so many of the inspired souls who have come to tread the daffodil fields of poesy, John Masefield does not come of a line of poets, indeed he does not even claim a literary lineage; nor does he dwell only in the world poetic, for despite the fact that his literary life has been of but comparatively few years, he has covered himself with varied glory, having planted his name and his genius very far over the threshold as a novelist and a playwright. I realize that *genius* is a big word, that the stars which witness the coming into the world of a genius, are almost as rare as those which stand as high sponsor for the birth of a poet. But unquestionably the conditions and environments of John Masefield's early life prove him, in spite of, and not because of—a genius. Born rather obscurely at Ledbury in Western England in 1874, he proved himself possessed of a "spirit in revolt" by running away from home at a very early age, and shipping as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel, but though the "good gray sea" claimed him for a number of years there were seasons which were interspersed with tramps on foot through many and various countries. On one of these tramping periods he put in at the American London, and with true Peter Pan instinct for adventure, he began his exploiting of New York as a sort of handy-boy in a Sixth Street Saloon, and from there went to a carpet factory in the Bronx. From these and other like experiences he learned by living them, the lives of the people

who turn the inner wheel of the Universe, and wrote of them with the same element of poetic fervor and reality that Houseman put in his "Shropshire Lad." The "Everlasting mercy" and the "Widow of Bye-Street," are poetry—poetry with lyrical moments, but also moments of brutality, showing the seams and sinews of life as it is, which, no doubt, explains the universality of interest. Masefield's first poetic inspiration having come from a copy of Chaucer, which he purchased shortly after going to New York, and read all night through, until dawn. It was then, he says, that for the first time he was sure of his future occupation. His intense love of

beauty is little short of adoration. This he exemplifies in the poem "Dauber," which is a true story, and in the portrayal of the shy sensitive nature which brute strength could torture and crucify, but whose ideals continued to live and soar, Mr. Masefield has created an unforgettable character; and in his descriptions of the beauty of the ship, the wonder of the dawn, the mystery of midnight at sea, the mystery of the storm, he has given us pictures which the mind will continue to see through all time, and he makes us to feel and hear the gale, thus

"Water and sky were devils' brews which boiled,
Boiled, shrieked, and glowered; but the ship was saved.
Snuggled safely down, though fourteen sails were split.
Out of the dark a fiercer fury raved,
The grey-backs died and mounted, each crest lit
With a white toppling gleam that hisses from it
And slid, or leaped, or ran with whirls of cloud,
Mad with inhuman life that shrieked aloud."

Contrast the above with this bit of sheer loveliness:

"I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes off Spain;
I have seen the lady April bringing the daffodils,
Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rain."

Yes—Mr. Masefield is without doubt a poet—a poet of parts—a poet who can

"Tear away the white veil from his dreams, and show Life naked,
utterly naked, in the full grave of its simplicity,"

or make

"the starry roof of Heaven ring with beauty, and the earth and
sea give back the magic of his words."

It seems but the other day that he was being hailed as a "modern," but now, in this somewhat frenzied era of free and emancipated verse, this orgy of experimentalism, he seems almost old-fashioned, if such a term can be applied to a poet; at least he seems to have contradicted the supposed truth that "no man putteth new wine into old bottles," for doing just that same, has become almost a profession with John Masefield, for while numerous other poets, many his contemporaries, have been eagerly and earnestly searching for new bottles, and sometimes losing sight of the quality of the wine, Masefield has been pouring his new, virile, "heady" drink into vessels centuries old. He absolutely disregards "form" and "manner" and refuses (through his work) to be labeled. In his sea poems he consistently turns his back on rulers and royalty, church and churchman and sings us songs of sailing and sailormen. His aim seems to have been, and to be, to defend and justify the lives of the poor and the

obscure, to speak for the inarticulate, to testify for the humble toilers whether on land or sea, finding nothing common or unclean. In reply to a query as to the guiding motive of his writing, Mr. Masefield says: "I desire to interpret life both by reflecting it as it appears, and by portraying its outcome. Great art must contain these two attributes. Examine any of the dramas of Shakespeare and you will find that their action is the result of a destruction of balance in the beginning. It is like a cartful of apples which is overturned. All the apples are spilled in the street. But you will notice that Shakespeare piles them up again in his incomparable



JOHN MASEFIELD

Famous author who lectures on "The War and the Future" at Trinity Auditorium March 11

manner, many bruised, broken and many a few lost. Doesn't such definite logic and human philosophy atone for a now and then bit of *over adjectiving*, an occasional sacrificing of anything which may cloud effect? His prose works have not received the recognition which they merit. The short stories and sketches which comprise "A Mainsail Haul" are for the most part recountals of experiences, and are teeming with humor and originality, while "Captain Margaret" and "Multitude and Solitude" are charming. It would seem that the Gods have favored John Masefield with many things, for in addition to all this, he is also a patriot and a soldier. His work at the Front has been both courageous and resultful. He tells us of things as they are in the War Zone, in a book entitled "The Old Front Line" recently published by MacMillan & Company. His purpose in writing this book is somewhat different from that of the usual author, as its interest is not wholly literary, for he has endeavored to locate accurately, follow from end to end and describe the line that was held by the British forces previous to their onward push at the Battle of the Somme.—But of this, and many other things, we are to have the privilege of hearing at first hand in the near future, as Los Angeles' "patron saint" Mr. Behymer, (he of artistic and enterprising fame), has arranged that the Angel City shall be gladdened by Mr. Masefield's presence on March 19th, meanwhile we can only wait.

MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

THROUGH the action of a number of live citizens of Palm Springs, a decidedly scenic post in Riverside county and known on the map as Andreas canyon, is to be made accessible to motorists. Riverside county has set aside the sum of \$5000 for the construction of a road to this tropically dressed crevice which is located but a few good jackrabbit jumps from Palm Springs, a real desert oasis, and on the road through the Coachilla Valley from Riverside to Imperial Valley points. Owing to its inaccessibility and the fact that it has been given but little publicity, Andreas canyon has been but seldom visited by those in search of the beautiful and

as proof of this assertion, are a number of holes in rock ledges, which were used, it is claimed, by the aborigines for the grinding of corn. Andreas is far more interesting than Palm canyon, and when a road has been built into its confines it will be easier reached. Some of the first pictures ever secured in Andreas, were obtained by Lynn C. Buxton, distributor in Southern California for the Stearns-Knight automobile.

THERE is every indication that used car values will be boosted considerably in the near future. Those who have in mind picking off something



IN ANDREAS CANYON, SOON TO BE REACHED BY NEW AUTO MOBILE ROAD

the strange in nature. Surrounded by barren hills and a sandy plain, the verdure of the canyon is tropical. Palms grow in profusion, and vines cover thousands of feet of ground as thickly as a blanket. There are many instances where the branches of these vines, which climb almost to the tops of trees, are as thick as the body of the ordinary man, and to work one's way through the undergrowth requires endless patience and a stout ax or machete.

There are some odd rock formations that form part of the barrier on the south and it is said by those who claim to be conversant with the district that many many years ago, Indians made their habitat there. Offered

good in this line would do well to emerge from the cogitation period and get busy ere it be too late. Decreased production of cars will send values strongly upward and it is not unlikely that the price will be governed by the demand.

GREATLY decreased freight facilities between factory points and the Pacific Coast will undoubtedly result in the starting of more assembly plants to meet the situation. Where three or four finished autos are loaded into one freight car, it is no difficult matter to load the parts of nine or ten autos in the same space. Large distributors are doing this in the East.

NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W. FRANCIS GATES

CERTAINLY there could be no fault found with the symphony program of March 1 on the grounds of not having enough musical sensation or brilliancy. Attendants on our symphony programs of ten years ago hardly would have believed this was a symphony program, its numbers were so different from the old style symphony concerts. This program began with the entree *a la Russe*, then came a bit of French pastry and the ending was something like *chili* sauce, only the simile falls to the ground as the composer was French. In between were Mrs. Balfour's solos. In her appearance it was a case of *vox et praeterea quod* a pretty stage picture. Notice the *nihil* is omitted. She so pleased the audience that the aria from "Louise" was repeated and sung considerably better the second time than the first, as her voice had warmed up to more truthfulness in tonality. Her excellent work justified the management in her choice as soloist.

Looking over the program in a general way, I think the Debussy and Dukas numbers were better played than the Sibelius symphony. This, perhaps, is natural, as in order to do the bigger work justice the orchestra should have had half-a-dozen more full rehearsals. When the Los Angeles orchestra is given the same sort of support the Minneapolis and the San Francisco orchestras are given, then it can have, like them, a rehearsal every day. And when that time arrives, then will be the time to make comparisons between this orchestra and the others. In this taxing program, the orchestra gave an excellent account of the few rehearsals it had. Only one versed in orchestral matters and having an experience in listening closely to such concerts could detect the flaws of inexactness and incompleteness; and they are the very ones to give praise for the work done under the handicap that Los Angeles wilfully imposes on its orchestra conductor. Mr. Tandler is to be congratulated on his program and its presentation. With more repression on the part of the brass and solidity and breadth of tone on the part of the first violins, a decided gain will be made. The "Times" following the program book, stated the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" was published "last year." That was true when I wrote the original notice for the program book, four years ago.

THE real problem of music in America is to popularize good music. There is plenty of music, but the majority of it would not find a place in the dictionary under the heading "good." The malformation termed "rag" and the abortion called "jazz" by their very blatancy chase out much that is aesthetic, much that is written for the purpose of beauty rather than noise. Listen to the unmusical and non-educational things that are done under the flag of musical education! Stop a minute at the door of the vocal "studio" and listen to the unholy things done in the name of singing! Certainly there are more than twelve apostles needed.

And this is apropos of the playing of the Cherniavski brothers. For

the reason that they are popularizing—in so far as the size of their audiences will permit—music that is good. The very fact that their work is inclined to be over-sentimental is an added attraction to many persons. Just as one might put sugar on the apple that contains the small boy's pill, after a while the sugar may be omitted; later, he becomes enough of a man

to take his medicine without the apple. As an example of the latter I think the Kneisel quartet would fit, with the Flonzaley quartet as a good medium between these two extremes. The Cherniavskys' very youth and sentimental outlook on life attracts reciprocal sentiment on the part of the listener and interests him in good music more than he was before hearing them. That they may do things not according to the traditional or customary understanding of the music is apart from the present argument. That is for discussion when they play before a purely musical audience. As it is, they are good missionaries. They emphasize the sentimental side of their gospel before they lay down the precepts of the law. Consequently, it was unfortunate that their audience in Los Angeles was not larger.

THERE is a good deal of "giving one's self to the Cause" by means of words and newspaper pictures. If a Cause offers chance to wear a nice badge or uniform or enables one to get out of the "among those present" list and into real mention, there always will be plenty of Causettes. But for pure devotion to a definite purpose and Art Propaganda, commend me to the widow of Edward MacDowell. That premier American composer had ideals and hopes. He had a small estate in New Hampshire and a distinct desire to devote it to the good of his fellow musicians. When he was stricken down in the streets of New York, Mrs. MacDowell was his faithful attendant until his light flickered out. In lifting him, she gave her own strength until she became crippled and a semi-invalid. But, in spite of this, she gives her life to bringing to fulfillment his purpose in life. Not a penny of what money she earns by her recitals does she take for herself. It all goes to the MacDowell fund. Consequently, it is a pleasure to chronicle that her recitals in Los Angeles, San Diego and Santa Ana were well attended. Especially the one at the Alexandria banquet room, where she had the musical assistance of Mrs. Sprotte, Harold Webster and a quartet of women's voices. It is unfortunate that the patriotic side of her work was not noticed in her pre-announcements, as a good part of the MacDowell home is set aside for the convalescents from the battle fields, especially for men who in civil life were musicians. Had it been made known that the funds raised were to be so applied, the attendance doubtless would have been larger.

But our main point is to note the unselfish application of Mrs. MacDowell's whole life toward an altruistic aim, a life which is largely one of physical pain and weakness. American women may well take such a spirit as their model, as we approach the day when a good deal of such sacrifice will be necessary in millions of homes.



FRIEDA HEMPEL

Famous coloratura soprano from the Metropolitan Opera Co., at Trinity Auditorium, March 12

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

THESE may be faddists among the society women who have turned from pink teas to Red Cross work, just as Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, president of Vassar College has declared. In fact it is a regrettable truth that there are faddists in these volunteer organizations who give an hour, a half day or two a week to performing a bit of war relief work, not from patriotic motives, but simply because it is the fashionable thing to do. It is no difficult task to enumerate a goodly list of these women in Los Angeles. They dash gushingly into the work to a brass band accompaniment of "see who is here," but it isn't long before their enthusiasm for any real work that discommodates their comforts becomes irksome, and they either change to a new branch of the Red Cross work and then to another, or they shilly-shally and make a big how d'y do over themselves and their arduous (?) patriotic labors. Yes, Dr. MacCracken is undoubtedly not far wrong in his arraignment of many of our American women for there are feminine slackers, just as there are masculine slackers. But—after all these women are only a small minority. And it is upon the big majority of women that the nation depends. Just as the American men have the splendid material within them to make fine officers and fearless and formidable soldiers, so our women, raised in ease and luxury have within them all the splendid attributes of a Joan of Arc. But for the women as for the men there has been the need of training. Uncle Sam would never for a minute think of sending over to France a man fresh from the routine of sedentary office work, soft-muscled and uninured to the hardships he must undergo in the trenches. And if our men have to be trained to the strenuousness of the new life, surely we must concede our women folk the same allowances. For every woman who is a faddist at heart instead of a patriot, for every woman who stays away from her Red Cross work for a rubber of bridge, there are hundreds of other women who are ready and eager to give more and more of their time and strength, make greater and greater sacrifices in order that our country may blazon peace and democracy into Germany. And these women, this great army of feminine workers, have had to be their own disciplinarians, they have had to set their own tasks, do their own training, and work out their own organizations in most part. Count out the faddist and you will still find a great strong unit of women, indefatigable in their patriotic labors, and among the leaders you will find many women who, before the United States was drawn into the great seething maelstrom, knew no more arduous task than visiting their modiste.

One could name many of Los Angeles' former society leaders who have gone into the war relief work, not as faddists, but with every fibre of their soul and being. And many of these women have worked for the Red Cross with tireless zeal almost since the beginning of the world war. Of these latter the paean of praise should go to Mrs. Hancock Banning, from whose clever and original ideas were evolved the Red Cross Shop and Tea Room and their many subsidiaries. From the Alvarado street Shop, alone, more than \$24,000 has

been gathered in within the last three months, and this from the sale of clothes, jewelry, books, in fact all sorts of things contributed by patriotic Southern Californians to the Red Cross Shop's stock. Several weeks ago Mrs. Banning suffered a nervous breakdown, due to her tireless devotion to her patriotic work and precipitated by the news that her younger son, George Hugh Banning, who is in the Aviation Corps at Kelly Field, was seriously ill of appendicitis. Young George Hugh had quite a serious time of it, but he has recovered splendidly from his attack, and Mrs. Banning, hovering between anxiety over her son's illness and herself threatened with a prolonged sickness from the over-taxing of her nervous energy, has also recovered. Scarcely, however, had Mrs. Banning regained her former strength than she immediately

location of the Red Cross Shop, is also proving herself an earnest patriot and not a faddist in her assiduous war relief work. Then there is another faithful worker, unwearied in her service, Mrs. Edwin R. Collins, who is carrying on the publicity end of the Red Cross Shop and Tea Room. And these are but five of the many Los Angeles women who by nearly three years of strenuous war relief work have proved that there is nothing of faddism diluting their patriotism. Among the younger set there are equally as many girls who are "doing their bit" in all seriousness, and of these may be mentioned Miss Doris Collins, president of the Charter Chapter of the Junior Patriotic League, Miss Margaret Johnson, and, in fact, practically the entire membership of that organization. It is a splendid battalion of women which Los Angeles has enlisted for its war relief work, and when one rides about the city and notes the service flags in the many windows, one can appreciate just what close personal interest has lifted our city's war relief work from the status of mere faddism to the realism of a great humanitarian work.

There has been quite a flurry of social affairs within the fortnight, but inasmuch as this is the Lenten season, these affairs have been marked by extreme simplicity and informality. In most part the entertaining has been inspired for the benefit of one or another of the war relief organizations, while in a few events eastern visitors, enjoying a brief sojourn in Los Angeles, were extended informal courtesies. An artistically appointed luncheon was given Thursday, February 27, by the Baroness Vera de Ropp. Miss Caroline Cox of New York, who is the house guest of the young Baroness, was the guest of honor and invited to meet her were eight of the hostess' girl friends. Mrs. Edwin Stanton, one of the most attractive of the younger society matrons, was a hostess the day following, entertaining with an informal card party for members of the Needle Work Guild. She was assisted by her mother-in-law, Mrs. C. Q. Stanton, at whose home she is now a guest during the absence of her husband, who is one of Uncle Sam's brilliant young army officers. Another charming affair was the luncheon given by Mrs. Harlow Bundy and her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Guyer in Pasadena, the guest of honor being Miss Dorothy Davidge, whose engagement to Mr. Jack Cotton, son

of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cotton, was announced recently. Miss Davidge is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Davidge of Short Hills, N. J., and with her parents is a guest at one of the fashionable foothill hotels. The date for the wedding of the young couple awaits Uncle Sam's orders, since Mr. Cotton is a member of the aviation corps at Camp Kearny. Among other of the recent hostesses were Miss Gwendolen Laughlin who entertained a group of her friends at a matinee party followed by tea at the Alexandria; Mrs. Ella Brooks Solano, who gave a delightful luncheon party at the Midwick Country Club, and Mrs. David H. McCartney who entertained a coterie of friends at the Los Angeles Athletic Club upon the occasion of one of the popular midweek dances.

Much local interest is attached to the marriage in San Francisco recently of Miss Nadine de



G. Edwin Williams

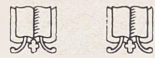
MISS YVETTE DE OJEDA

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francesco de Ojeda of San Francisco. Miss de Ojeda, who is a sister of Mrs. George Bliss Herrmann, a recent bride, is popular in the Southland where she visits often

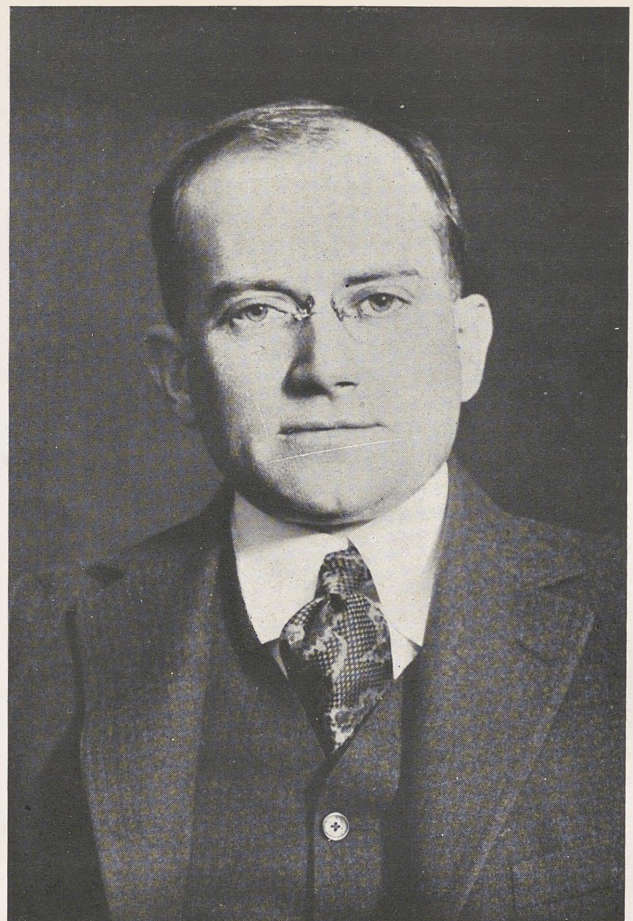
volunteered her services for hospital work. She has now tendered her services as a Red Cross nurse's aid at the field hospital at Fort Sam Houston, and it will probably be three or four weeks more before she returns again to Los Angeles. And Mrs. Banning is not alone in her splendid humanitarian work. Mrs. William A. Edwards, sister of former President Taft, is also proving what manner of women are our society leaders. Her recent decoration, the "Medaille de la Reconnaissance Nationale Francaise Verneil" received for her work in the beginning of the war, for the French Red Cross society, was a deserved one, as was that of Mrs. John P. Jones, and her work with the American Red Cross society has been carried on with the same untiring energy and enthusiasm. Mrs. J. M. Danziger, whose former home place at Eighth and Alvarado, is now the



OSCAR C. MUELLER, *President*

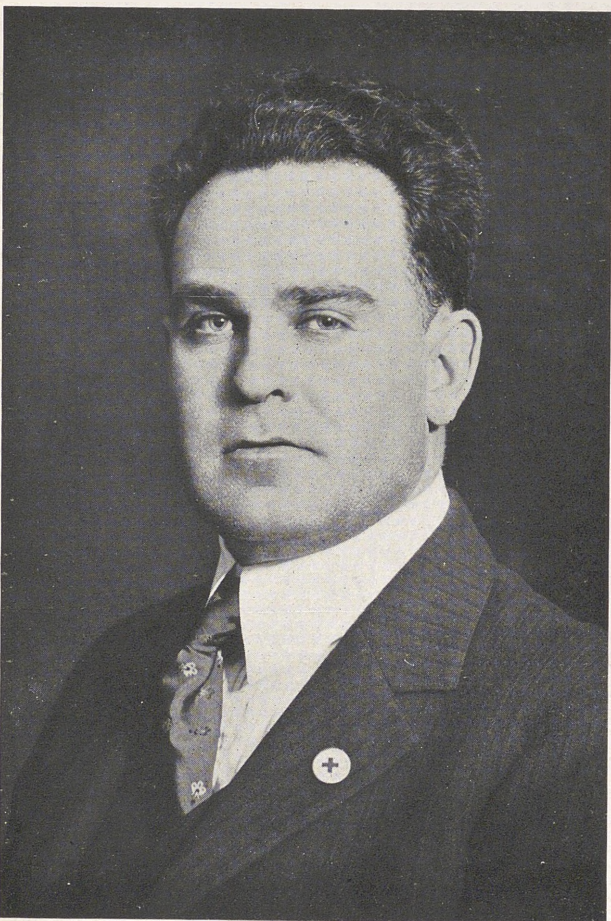


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in the history
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the name of
every officer
elected at an
Annual Elec-
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letter of the
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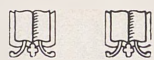


WATT L. MORELAND, *1st Vice-President*

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MAYNARD McFIE, *2nd Vice-President*



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The letter
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Wins



WILLIAM MEAD, *Treasurer*

Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Officers
For 1918

WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 15)

Ojeda and Lieutenant George Bliss Herrmann. This attractive young bride has quite a family tree to her distinction. She is the niece of Marquis and Marquise Emilio de Ojeda, the former of whom was once envoy from Spain to the United States and later Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican. The young woman is also a direct descendant of Alonzo de Ojeda who came over to America with Columbus. She is not bothered much, however, about these ancestral lines and has been devoting her time to Red Cross and other war work. The marriage of the young couple culminates a pretty romance which had its beginning last

summer, when Miss de Ojeda was a guest at one of the fashionable Long Beach hotels. Lieutenant Herrmann at the time was stationed at the Naval Reserve Training School at San Pedro. Both are well known in Los Angeles, where they have a host of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William May Garland left yesterday for the east, where they will enjoy the Easter holidays with their two sons, Jack and Marshall, who are attending school there. They plan to visit for a few days in Atlantic City and perhaps, time permitting, they will go down south for a week or two before returning to their Los Angeles home.

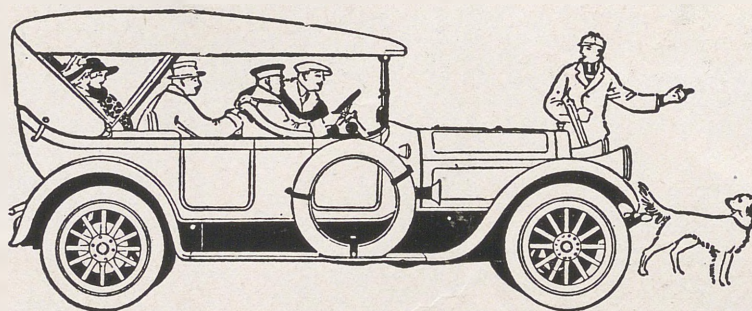
Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham Hambly of North Heliotrope Drive, Los Angeles, upon

the birth of a little son. The laddie who arrived at the California Hospital Monday, March 4, is to be named Graham Hambly, Jr. Mrs. Hambly before her marriage was Miss Gertrude Bartee of this city.

At a charmingly arranged tea, Sunday afternoon, March 3, given by Etta Irene Mayborne of "Redwood Lodge," Hollywood, formal announcement was made of the betrothal of the hostess' friend, Miss Betsy Thayer McGuire of Los Angeles to Captain Albert A. Fricke. Miss McGuire, who formerly lived in Wisconsin is well known and exceedingly popular in educational circles of Los Angeles, being a member of the faculty of the Los Angeles High school. Captain Fricke is a member of Company twenty-six Engineer Corps

now stationed at Camp Dix, New Jersey. He is also well and popularly known in Omaha, Nebraska, where he practiced his profession as a physician and where for many years he has been an active member of the Medical Reserve Corps. The wedding will take place at an early date in New York.

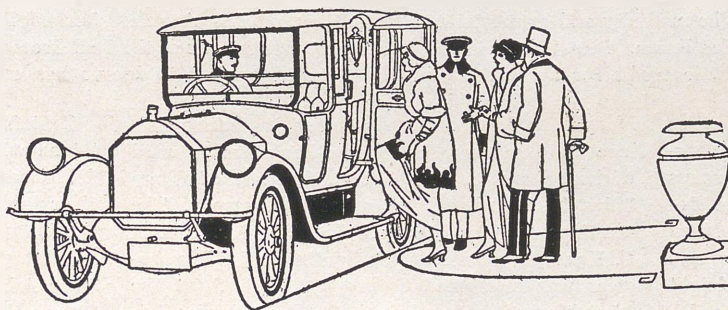
Among the prominent easterners who have been enjoying an extended sojourn at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Leroy A. Goddard of Chicago, and Rear Admiral T. C. McLien, U. S. N., retired, and Mrs. McLien of Utica, New York. Mr. and Mrs. William K. Hampton of Los Angeles are making their home at Hotel del Coronado, while Mr. Hampton is engaged in Government work of construction in the vicinity.



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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

It was quite some frolic which was enjoyed by the society folk at the Alexandria Thursday of last week, and inasmuch as this Midnight Frolic netted the Red Cross an approximate \$10,000 it was a most patriotic revelry. The entertainment given in conjunction with the dancing proved one that will long be remembered and there was any amount of jolly fun occasioned by the spirited auction. Uncle Sam might quite wrathfully censure the disregard shown the Food Administrator's "price lists," since one wee little "pork" was sold at \$850, a price far in excess of the regulation market figures. Then under the clever auctioning of Frank Keenan, the celebrated actor, a book of film favorite photographs was raised from \$350 to \$7500. The bidding for this was carried on largely among the women and it finally was "knocked down" to Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., who upon securing the coveted prize gave it into the care of Major Harry Wishard, whose fervent appeal had jumped the bidding from \$5000 to \$6000. Members of "The Midnight Follies" playing at the Mason Opera House, contributed to the entertainment program as did many of the famous cinema stars, while society was in brilliant array. Preceding the affair a number of charmingly arranged dinner parties were given, among those entertaining being Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin, who presided over a table of ten. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schweppe, Mrs. Byron Harvey of Chicago, formerly Miss Helen Daggett of Pasadena; Mrs. William Barnard of Philadelphia, who is Miss Gwendolen Laughlin's house guest for the winter; Miss Gwendolen Laughlin, Mr. George Ennis, Mr. David Allison and Mr. John Daggett. Dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Maier were Mrs. George Stegmaier, Mr. George Stegmaier, Jr., Miss Elizabeth Brant, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bosbyshell and Mr. and Mrs. Bernal Dyas. A party of eight was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor. Mrs. Frank Griffith had eight guests; Mrs. Willis Hunt, six guests; Mrs. Edwin R. Collins, six and Mrs. O. M. Souden, four. There were many other parties given among the society folk and among the famous cinema and stage stars who entertained groups of their friends were Mary Pickford, George Beban, Bryant Washburn, Frank Keenan, Mary McLaren, Kathleen Clifford, Jesse Lasky and Wallace Reid. The patronesses for the Midnight Frolic were Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mrs. W. A. Edwards, Mrs. J. M. Danziger, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Sr., Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. Edwin R. Collins, Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mrs. C. C. Canfield, Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor, Mrs. Harry Dana Lombard, Miss Winifred Kingston, Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mrs. R. A. Heffner and Mrs. A. G. Faulkner.

Surprise marriages are much in vogue these days and as such came the announcement of the marriage of Miss Mollie Isabel Paris and Mr. Lacy Sidell Swaine. The bride, who came to Los Angeles several months ago with her mother, Mrs.

Robert Leckie Paris, from Ottawa, Canada, is a talented violinist. She is the grand-daughter of Dr. Brock Carter, a famous surgeon of Montreal and Ottawa. Mr. Swaine is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lacy Swaine and grandson of the late General P. T. Swaine. He is connected with the First National Bank of Los Angeles. Mrs. Swaine remained in Los Angeles for her son's wedding, but will soon join her husband in Washington, D. C., where he is in the government service. Another pleasant surprise wedding to hosts of friends in Los Angeles and Long Beach, was that of Miss Barbara Bixby and Lieutenant William A. Frye, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Frye of Los Angeles, which took place Tuesday, February 26, at Memphis, Tennessee. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bixby of Long Beach. As Lieutenant Frye could not secure leave of absence, his bride-to-be, accompanied by her father went to the Southern city for the ceremony which was performed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Horatio Bates in the presence of a few friends and relatives. Miss



MRS. EDWIN R. COLLINS

Chairman of the publicity and entertainment committees of Los Angeles' famous Red Cross Shop and Tea Room. Mrs. Collins is one of the most enthusiastic of the Red Cross workers and no little credit for the success of this splendid project is due to her energy

Margaret Bixby who is a student at Smith's College went to Memphis to serve her sister as maid of honor and Captain W. G. Grayson of Camp Silby, Hattiesburg, Miss., acted as best man. The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Laird to Mr. Dudley F. Kuzell, a prominent young attorney of Los Angeles was celebrated Saturday, March 2, at the First Methodist church with the Rev. Charles Edward Locke officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by members of the families and a few close friends. The bride is a talented musician and popular in the younger set of Los Angeles. She is the daughter of Mr. Louis N. Laird, a wealthy capitalist, with extensive oil interests in Coalinga. Mr. Kuzell is the son of Mr. Frank Kuzell, a prominent banker of Cleveland, and he is a graduate of the Stanford law school.

With a marvelous program the Society Circus at Coronado, given under the auspices of the Coronado Branch of the Red Cross, was a brilliant performance as well as an immense success. Twen-

ty startling acts were given and every one a "headliner," the artists both amateur and professional working untiringly. Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee, regent of the Branch with her able assistants, Mrs. Leslie Moon, chairman of the entertainment committee, Mrs. Percival Thompson, Mrs. Henry J. Robert and Mrs. Claus Spreckels. The two performances (which by the way, took place in the Dance Pavilion at Tent City as before the first dress rehearsal, the affair had assumed such immense proportions that a larger auditorium was necessary and the pavilion was requisitioned), opened with a grand entry, all the stars, cages of wild animals, trick horses, and clowns parading around the Arena led by the Band. Major John Purroy Mitchell, former mayor of New York, who recently has been detailed to the Aviation School at North Island, blew the whistle formally opening the Circus. Every box was sold days before the performance and large blocks of reserved seats engaged by merry parties of society folk from Coronado, Los Angeles, San Diego and surrounding cities. Dinner parties preceded the evening performance and supper parties in the Grill of Hotel del Coronado followed, a dance in the ballroom of the Hotel taking place afterwards. Among the box holders at the evening performance were Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Erskine J. Campbell, Mrs. Richard T. Robinson, Mrs. Frank Von Teemer, Mrs. William Barie, Mrs. Edward Pardridge, Mrs. Edward C. Shaw, Mrs. L. D. Fillius, Mrs. J. S. Oyster, Mrs. Barton Milliard, Mrs. W. H. Yawkey, Mrs. D. C. Bradford, Mrs. W. F. Peacock, Mrs. Calvin Bertolette, Mrs. Austin Tubbs, Mrs. John Dupee, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Gale Thompson, Mrs. George Gay, Mrs. Leroy A. Goddard, Mrs. G. Aubrey Davidson, Mrs. A. S. Bridges, Mrs. Julius Wangerheim, Mrs. Henry Patten, Mrs. H. T. Miller, Miss Clary Cudahy, Miss Mary Cudahy, Brig.-General Herman Hall, Lieutenant Edwin Raymond Armsby, Mr. Henry McFarland, Mr. John Taggart, and Mr. James C. Owen.

Captain and Mrs. Henry Foster Button entertained with a dinner party in the Grill at Hotel del Coronado preceding the performance taking their guests to the Circus afterwards. Their guests were Major-General and Mrs. Frederick S. Strong, Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Leroy A. Lyon, Rear Admiral and Mrs. William F. Fullam, Col. Thornwell Mullally, Miss Susan Mullally, Major and Mrs. William G. Devereux, Major and Mrs. John R. Valentine, Captain and Mrs. Frederick B. Hussey, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Captain and Mrs. Lawrence I. Scott, Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Gilpin Ervin, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery, Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Captain R. J. Pinto.

"Toto," the famous Clown from the Hippodrome, who added much to the success of the Circus, was the guest of honor at a luncheon with which Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels entertained on the Ocean Terrace, at Hotel del Coronado. A Harlequin motif was effectively carried out in the

(Continued on page 23)

A GLIMPSE OF MEMORY LAND

By ANGELUS AYERES

"UNCLE Billy Workman is gone."

Looking out from the club-room window at a gentle down-pour of rain as it splashed on the pavement, I turned suddenly upon hearing this startling announcement, and found that a fellow clubman was reading it from a morning paper. The mist from the street seemed, all at once, to have penetrated the window pane and was dampening my eye glasses. When I could see outside again, the news and the rain drops were linking themselves together into a chain of memory that carried me back many years.

There are stories in plenty, of how William H. Workman—associated with his father-in-law, Andrew A. Boyle—aided in the development of Los Angeles; stories of how, as mayor and city treasurer, this man of sterling worth showed his public spirit. There are stories of how Boyle wrought out valuable pioneer ideas and of how his daughter, now Mrs. W. H. Workman, exercised in these early days, the same sweet womanly influence that has marked her later life, but it is pleasant to observe, too, that their interest in community welfare ever found its well-spring in happy homes and the genial co-operation—both through sunshine and stormy weather—of relatives and close friends.

And this carries thought back as far as 1862; to a co-operation in very literal stormy weather—which overcame the wild will of the swollen Los Angeles River and saved the Boyle family from actual hunger on Christmas day. Many times have I heard "Uncle Billy" tell the story, and it was one of his best.

The narrative was easily suggested by the old brick dwelling on the Boyle property in Boyle Heights—a house remodeled within the last few years by W. H. Workman, Jr., but retaining still the same walls that enclosed it more than sixty years ago. It was built by Andrew Boyle, who chose as its site, a hill overlooking, on one side, many broad acres, guiltless in winter of any vegetation, while on the other side flowed the usually mild and innocent looking Los Angeles River. In this house, in later years, Uncle Billy loved to

"Sit—by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory
forth."

It was from here, in the winter of 1862, and while W. H. Workman was a suitor for the hand of Mary Boyle, that the Boyles accepted an invitation to a Christmas dinner at the home of Don Mateo Kellar, then residing with his family in a comfortable dwelling in Alameda street, near Aliso. That was one of Los Angeles' best residence districts in the early sixties; the Kellar family belonged to the local aristocracy, and the Boyles, long their close friends, had much pleasure in the Christmas plan.

But it began to rain. Not a gentle 1918 downpour, but a rugged, pioneer sort of rain, sweeping from dark clouds with swirling fury and wholly heedless

of the damage it might do in undermining poorly anchored buildings and in augmenting the waters of already swollen streams. In those days there was no bridge across the river, and in the rainy season the country road leading to the Boyle ranch, was almost impassable at times by reason of the mud.

Social pleasures, such as that promised by the proposed visit to the Kellar home, were none too frequent, and as the storm increased in volume, members of the family watched anxiously at tight closed windows. Still it rained.

"All night long the storm roared
on;

The morning broke without a
sun."

The elder Boyles began to see that the trip to town for Christmas day must be abandoned and imparted their verdict, much to the disappointment of the young people. However, the necessity of foregoing the Christmas visit quite lost its power to disturb as the marooned family began to realize that their stock of provisions was nearly exhausted, while there seemed no possible way of crossing the turbulent river then overflowing its banks, and still rising.

How, indeed, should food be obtained from the town? It was at this point that Andrew Boyle—an Irishman, and gifted with all the Irishman's resourcefulness—conceived an idea, hazardous but worth trying as the last and only resort in a desperate fight to drive back the wolf from his home until the storm should abate.

On the place was a trusted Indian—Jose—who had served the family well. Jose was a veritable child of the forest, known to fear neither floor nor fire.

To save the household of his employer from hunger—perhaps even from starvation—would he undertake to swim the Los Angeles River, and bring back food?

Jose was willing, and with little preliminary ceremony he plunged into the angry stream, making for the opposite shore, while those on the bank drew their great-coats closer about them, and shivering in the storm, fairly held their breath for fear as they watched the adventure.

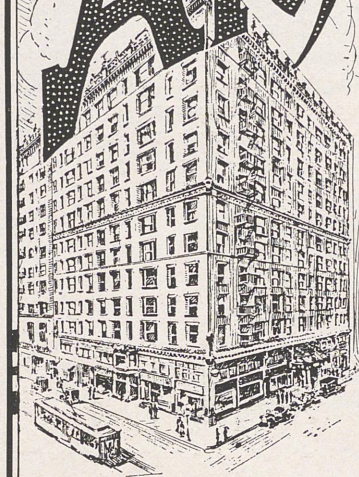
But the Indian landed, made his way to the Kellar house and presented the regrets of the Boyle family. He did more than that. He delivered an "S. O. S." call for help, and his plea found ready response. While Jose dried and warmed himself in front of a great kitchen fire, the Christmas pig, intended as the piece de resistance of the holiday dinner, was roasted, and half of this, with an abundant supply of other provisions, was placed in a water-tight box which the Indian carried to the river, dropping it in and plunging in after it.

Pushing the box before him, he swam against fearful odds, back to the other shore, landing more than two blocks further down stream than the point from which he started, and it was rec-

(Continued on Page 23)

Hotel Alexandria Los Angeles

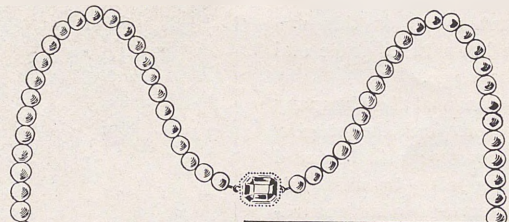
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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"GODNESS, gracious," Godness, Agnes, "Annabelle," is at Morosco's. If you don't believe it, ask Miss Bertha Mann. Also Richard Dix, Harland Tucker, Joseph Eggenton, Elmer Ballard, Lillian Elliott, Robert Lawler and Harry Duffield. The first three are the pillars of "the play," the rest are "atmosphere." The whole thing is atmosphere, for that matter. A little of everything and heaps and heaps of nothing. Something to keep you laughing, in spite of yourself, at the sheer ridiculousness of the situations, and the rattling machine-gun fusillade of witty lines and apt retorts.

It is as mixed as a bottle of the 57 "varieties," and with as zestful a tang. A witch's cauldron of wondrously varied brew.

"Gall of goat and slips of yew

Slivered in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips."

Yet there is no "toil and trouble" in the mixture, but just a steady succession of bright and clever dialogue, totally irrelevant to anything but providing amusement to the audience. Miss Mann is exceedingly witching in her role; somewhat reminding of her work in "Our Little Wife," but with such a piquant irresponsibility that she is irresistibly charming. There is no part to her "part," just Annabelle. Richard Dix elevates a "jag" to a pinnacle. He presents a drunken classic. Gesticulations, laugh, leer, facial contortions,—all are perfect. The expression of his legs is wonderful, and his fluidity of feet give him, finally, no more semblance of form than a seal. As he fades away in the chair while Miss Mann sings "Other Eyes," he is a "spifficated" poem, a sloppy dream.

Harland Tucker as the "Cave-Man" husband was a finished and lively interpretation. Mr. Tucker has a faculty for dry humor which adds much to his reading of the lines of his role; a sort of whimsical sauciness that is the height of amusing impudence. He should keep his hands apart more, as this will accentuate his natural grace and ease on the stage.

The balance of the Company were excellent, and the staging of the hoax was superb. It would be a lasting pity to miss this champagne-cork-popping absurdity, for it fairly tingles with entertainment.

ANOTHER kaleidoscopic shower of brilliancy glittered in the Orpheum bill commencing March 4th. Apdale's Zoological Circus, with 4 bears, eight dogs, three monkeys and one ant-eater only, needed a covey of parrots to round out the excitement. Bears and dogs were trained marvelously, and the entire act was a thriller. Bernard and Janis, at the piano, and with the violin, gave a number of beautifully rendered musical numbers, and the four Marx brothers repeated their triumph of last week in "Home Again." Ruth Royce proved herself a genuine character singer, and her sketch-songs caught the crowd instantly. Emma Carus and Larry Comer were in excellent voice, and handed the audience a few mental slants in the way of persiflage which were enjoyed by way of extra entertainment. Stan Stanley and his assistants provided a genuine novelty, and the bill also included "Love thy neighbour," a one-act sketch of "altruism," Frank Terramorse the Jack-Tar tenor, and the Valanova Troupe of gypsies in "A night in a gypsy camp." A specially delightful concert was afforded by the splendid Orpheum Symphony Orchestra.

THE Community Players of Pasadena gave for the week starting February 25th, at The Savoy Theatre, "A night at the play," a farce-comedy in four acts in which some very clever work was done by the

players. The play is built on the complexities afforded by the Professor, who has written a tragedy, and his son-in-law, who is unfortunately devoid of "a past," and the situations developed afforded plenty of scope for the liveliest kind of farce-comedy. Orrin Knox, as the weak-kneed, fussy, and nervous Professor was capital, and his wife, played by Cloyd Duval Dalzell, was a triumph of the type of the termagant spouse. As a direct foil to one another, the Professor and his wife were a beautifully unmatched pair, and their work was specially well done. Miss Virginia Lykins, as the Professor's youngest daughter, and Miss Vail Hobart, as the Professor's maid of all work were particularly good in their parts, and Andrew Campbell made an excellent son-in-law. Other characters in the play were acceptably given, and Spartan Spurgius Spotts as the tragedian, the role presented by Mr. Gilmor Brown was a classically finished portrayal of the old-style tragedian. Mr. Brown gave to this character a clear-cut individuality which revealed his fine talent, and evidenced again his versatility in comparing it to his Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*, and his Daniel Voorhees in "The Man from home." The Pasadena Players are giving performances which entitle them to crowded houses. Monday night a special Patriotic Program will be given, and starting Tuesday night, March 5th, "Rip Van Winkle" will be the attraction.



JOHN HYAMS AND LEILA MCINTYRE

Old favorites at The Orpheum

THE reading given at Miss Ida M. Leonard's Studio, No. 1127-8 Story building on March 1st was heard by an audience which filled the studio rooms. The subject chosen by Miss Leonard was Barrie's play entitled "The Will." The play is a sombre one, with few characters, and not a wasted sentence. It requires deep sympathy with the author, and a complete self-effacement of the reader to carve it on the mind of the listener. Miss Leonard's interpretation of the various roles assigned the actors in the drama was vivid and intense, and yet pitched, for the most part, in a minor key. The play itself has this peculiar quality of monotone, and her blend of the chords introduced by Barrie was immensely effective. She carried her hearers forward with a remorseless sweep which the situations unfolded, until the last word spells Fate, and the powerlessness of money to buy happiness. The character of the old lawyer was depicted with a steadfast realism which etched him to the vision, whether in his prime of confident manhood, or the senile days of his dotage. To the lovers of Barrie the recital was an added revelation of his knowledge of the human heart; and to those unfamiliar with him his genius as a play-wright.

JOHN Hyams and Leila McIntyre are headlined for the Orpheum's bill opening Monday matinee, March 11th, in an entirely new playlet, "Maybloom." In this sketch it is declared they have found their best and most acceptable vehicle. In it, as usual, Miss McIntyre resumes her characterization of the dainty Quakeress. Mr. Hyams is again the droll, quiet and effective comedian, and the pair, than whom the stage affords no other just like them, remain as smart and efficient in their work as ever. Another welcome home is to be accorded Harry Beresford, this time in a drama, "Mind Your Own Business," that exactly affords him the opportunities his talents demand. He has a strong supporting company, a fine setting, and the drama has a strong and appealing story. Stuart Barnes comes again with a fresh lot of jibes at wedlock and its devotees, and Elida Morris, the Lyric Lady, who has been Follie-bound for two years, will bring a fresh lot of merriment with her. In Scarpioff, the Russ boy tenor, and Varvara, his companion pianist, vaudeville has two great musical discoveries, who will be found remarkable in genius.



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ELSIE Ferguson will be seen at the Kinema commencing Sunday, March 10th, in a photodramatization of Sudermann's powerful novel, "The Song of Songs." The story deals with a child idealist, whose father, a musician, genius and dreamer of dreams, has composed a masterpiece, "The Song of Songs." Throughout a stormy existence, at various times there comes to her a haunting strain from "The Song of Songs," which to her epitomizes the loftiest heights of love. From the moment when her father admonishes her not to squander her deep love on the undeserving, till the time when she is forced to tell the only man she could ever care for that "it could never be," the theme is interesting and compelling. Unlike the novel and legitimate stage production, the filmed version of "The Song of Songs" is tempered with a bit of real humor and offers a finale not quite so tragic.

WHEN George Fitzmaurice, the Pathe director, was casting his mammoth production of Kipling's "The Naulahka" which will be at the Miller Theater for a week beginning Sunday, he assembled an aggregation of stars such as is not often to be seen. Heading the cast is Doraldina, the fiery, sensational dancer of Sanish-French-American Indian parentage. Supporting her is Antonio Moreno, chosen favorite on thousands of screens; Warner Oland, the polished villain of the screen; and little Helene Chadwick who has shown so much talent as a photoplay ingenue.

THE fifth production of the Hollywood Community Theatre, which begins Monday March 11 and continues five nights, will be another group of unusual little plays. This time there are to be three and all are Irish.

"The Hour Glass," by William Butler Yeats, has a cast of eight, with Katherine Jewell Everts in the leading role of A Wise Man. "The Travelling Man," by Lady Gregory, is presented by three players. "Spreading the News," a comedy of an Irish fair, has a cast of nine well known Southern Californians; among them are W. J. Dodd the architect, Howard Verbeck of the Potter Park Studio, Helen Eddy who played Nan in Masfield's "The Tragedy of Nan" last month, and other amateurs of note.

The success of the Community Theatre's productions has been so great, and the demand for tickets has so increased, that instead of closing this season in March as had been decided, the theatre association of which Shepard Mitchell is president and Miss Nelye Dickson is theatrical director, will produce plays in April and May.

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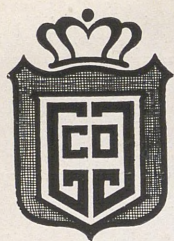
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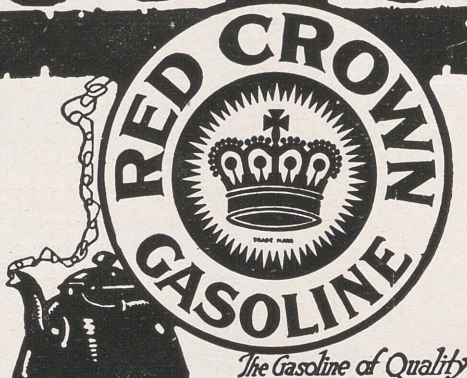
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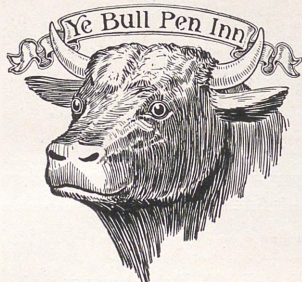


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WOMENS' CLUBS

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word,
"I hate to go above you—"

THERE was none of that spirit manifested at the old-fashioned spelling bee held at the Friday Morning Club's novel entertainment Friday evening last. The event proved to be one of spirited, albeit friendly, rivalry, and the way in which the opposing lines of contestants bandied words back and forth at each other, large words, small words, trick words and intricate words, was proof that many an old-fashioned, dog-eared speller had been hauled out and inwardly digested in preparation for the spelling competition. Dr. Charles Edward Locke presided as school master and any number of notables participated in the lively "bee." In addition there was presented a special entertainment of humor and fun-making and the evening was concluded with an old-fashioned ball. The affair given for the benefit of the Red Cross netted quite a substantial sum, and at the same time proved to be a memorable event in the annals of the Club.

At its regular meeting, March 8, the Friday Morning Club was interested in the presentation of two plays by the Hollywood Community Players. One of these was Bernard Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband" and the other was "Manikin and Minikin" by Alfred Kreymborg. The cast for the first of these was, wife, Helenita Lieberg; husband, George Crittenden; poet, Cecil

Irish. The cast for the latter play was, Manikin, Lawrence Tibbit and Minikin, Carlotta Rydman. Miss Nelye Dickson directed the plays. In the afternoon the Friday Morning Club's Red Cross card party was held, so that it was quite a strenuous day which the members enjoyed.

The Ebell Club for its regular program Monday had the notable pleasure of hearing Desider Josef Vecsei, that brilliant young pianist who has appeared as soloist with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra upon two occasions this season. Madame Anna Sprotti, the distinguished mezzo soprano, also contributed to the success of a most enjoyable musical program. Next Monday, March 11, the Ebell Club is to have for its program a lecture, "The War and the Future," by the celebrated poet, John Masefield, who will base his interesting talk on his own personal experiences at the front. The meeting will be for members only and will be followed by a tea.

The Woman's City Club at its Monday session were treated to an interesting talk by Dr. W. F. Rice, former president of the Santiago de Chile College, on "Our South American Countries." It is a splendid series of programs planned for this month. March 11, Madame Angelini will give a talk on "Italy's 'Bit' in Conduct of the War." "The Municipal Power Development as Related to Fuel Conservation" will be the subject of discussion at the meeting tomorrow, the speakers

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being Ralph L. Criswell, R. F. del Valle and W. B. Mathews. For the March 25 meeting the members will hear a most interesting discussion anent "Enforcing the Laws of Our City." "The Viewpoint of the Prosecuting Attorney" will be set forth by Miss Margaret Gardner, deputy prosecuting attorney. "The Perplexities of a Police Court Juror" will be told of by Mrs. R. F. Waters and Chief of Police John L. Butler will relate something of "The Work of the Police Department."

THE Friday Club's luncheon Tuesday, March 5th, was made particularly interesting by the readings, from his own verse, of Mr. Robert Alden Sanborn, and readings from Mr. Wallace Gould, a new luminary on the poetic horizon. The latter's interpreter was Mrs. J. Wells-Smith, who sympathetically read a number of selections

from Mr. Gould's volume. Mr. Sanborn gave a recital of various of his writings, nearly all of them being of the vers libre construction. They varied "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and were thoroughly enjoyed by the ladies present. Mrs. Moore presided. A recital from the writings of Negro poets and writers of note is expected to be given in April, including Paul Laurence Dunbar, Booker Washington and others.

WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 18)

decorations, the centerpiece being in red and white and the favors, bonbon cups and nut dishes carried out the same color scheme and motif. Attached to each chair was a jester's

stick with clown's head and the guests included "Toto," Mr. H. E. Roach, Mr. F. Newmeyer, Mrs. Frank Hall Moon, Mrs. Chester Moon, Mrs. Leslie Moon, Mrs. Walter Hamlin Dupee, Mrs. Griffin, Miss Catherine Clifford, Mr. John Dupee, Mr. de Valentine and Mr. Jack Holland.

Golf tournaments each week during the month are enthusiastically enjoyed, the entries being unusually large, and the Polo games which take place on the Polo fields of the Coronado Club are also adding much interest to the out-of-door sports.

MEMORY LAND

(Continued from Page 19)

ognized that a less expert swimmer must surely have been swept to his

death by the swift current.

Following his landing, real holiday joy prevailed on the home shore and the Boyles maintained ever after, that this was, despite the storm, the very best Christmas in their experience. Like Whittier's Quaker family—

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It was in honor of Don Mateo Kellar that Mateo Street was named. In plain every day English, the noted pioneer was Matthew Kellar, but the Spanish interpretation of the name remains still as that of the street.

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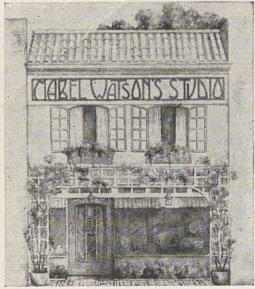
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NEW YORK LETTER

By SHIRLEY HUNTER

New York, March 8th, 1918.

THE Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross—which takes in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut—sent, in November 2,270,053 articles and in December 4,454,465 articles and surgical dressings for the month of January 3,703,692. Sixty-two thousand sweaters, 7,500 wristlets and 12,500 pairs of socks were shipped abroad.

A police justice in a small town of upper New York decides that war saving stamps are perfectly good alimony.

The mass of clerical work in the New York police department is cut out to relieve more men for duty.

Both men and women reflected small interest in registration for the four Congressional elections held March 5th. "Nobody takes any particular interest—man or woman—in these special elections at this time," said one politician, "but wait until some live issue comes up and then watch the women flock to the registration booths."

After an exile of two thousand years the war will restore Palestine to the Jews, recently stated Isaac R. Berkson, executive director of the Central Jewish Institute. "That will be our freedom in the fight for democracy," he added. "The Jewish nation will be born again, with Palestine as its center, such a nation as the world has never seen before. Those of us who care to remain in the lands of our birth may do so; we shall have communities throughout the world. It will not be from the Euphrates to the Nile but throughout the world."

Sheriff Knott, who personally conducts draft shirkers to Sing Sing Prison, states that many slackers prefer dull gray prison garb to khaki and the Sheriff urges legislation to prevent shirkers from committing petty crimes which entail prison terms. "We do not want such men in our front khaki lines but some law should be passed to make these men do menial labor in the camps, clean out trenches or dig graves for the brave men who give their lives."

For three years Vernon Castle and his wife received from \$600,000 to \$750,000 a year dancing but the captain of the Royal Flying Corps, who saved his pupil at the cost of his own life, is said to have left an estate scarcely greater than that of the private in the United States Army who takes advantage to the full of the government insurance plan. Broadway whispers that the Castle estate is less than \$15,000. Vernon Castle had many debtors but he left no paper to show who they are. He bought what he wanted and paid the owner's price. One piece of property that he purchased turned out to be smaller, by several acres, than he believed it to be when he bought it. Mrs. Castle is beneficiary under a single life insurance policy—the others having been cancelled when Captain Castle entered the British aviation service.

Have women entered the business life of Wall Street? Give heed to this—a clubhouse run by women for women, and to occupy three floors of a five-story building, and called the Ann

(Continued on Page 26)

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

(Continued from page 14)

JOHN Masfield, known to so many
as the sailor poet, a writer of pos-
sibly some of the greatest poems this
generation has produced, has been since
the beginning of the war most active
in war work of one form or another.
Up to the time of this first visit to
America two years ago he had devoted
himself almost entirely to Red Cross
work, having been in France and in
Gallipoli. On his return to England a
new role was given him. At the re-
quest of the British Government he un-
dertook the writing of the official his-
tory of the Dardanelles campaign, a
work which has come to us under the
title of "Gallipoli." This work com-
pleted, he was sent over to France to
report on the work there of the vari-
ous American charitable organizations
carrying on relief and similar work.
This gave him an excellent opportunity
to become acquainted with the work we
have been doing in France. He was
later attached to the British Headquar-
ters as historian of the Battle of the
Somme, and during most of 1916 and
early 1917 he was with the armies in
France. The recording of the world's
greatest battle was no easy task, and
although much of his time has been
spent on writing of the Battle of the
Somme, only a small part of the his-
tory has been finished. This completed
part has been published under the title,
"The Old Front Line." This, however,
is but an introduction to the major
part of the work that is eventually to
appear.

FRIEDA Hempel, the brilliant col-
oratura soprano, who for six years
has been a prime favorite with critics
and public through her appearances with
the Metropolitan Opera Company, will
be heard in song recital at Trinity Au-
ditorium, Tuesday evening, March 12.
When Marcella Sembrich retired after
her long and distinguished career in
this institution, it was a matter of pub-
lic comment that it would not be likely
that another artist of equal genius
could be found to take her place. Hem-
pel was secured for a limited number
of performances after a long and bit-
ter litigation with the European Opera
House, where she was the principal
prima donna, and to whom she herself
paid many thousands of dollars for a
release of contract.

From her very first performance she
was a sensation, the warm quality of
her voice, histrionic ability, musician-
ship and versatility displayed in sing-
ing roles as opposite in calibre as "Lu-
cia" and "Carmen," immediately estab-
lishing her with the public. She has
sung with success over thirty-three dif-
ferent roles during her six years at the
opera, which is in itself a triumph, as
what coloratura soprano, Melba, Tet-
trazini or any other, has ever been ex-
pected to know more than two roles,
at the most three?

A STREET MUSICIAN

Grey locks that straggle to his chin
A face half-tragic, half buffoon;
And in his grasp a violin
Like to its master, out of tune.

SUPERFLOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED, without scarring. Eye-Brows Shaped
and all Disfiguring Growths Removed—The Rapid Multiple Needle Process is used, and I
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THE NEW COLBURN FURS ARE COMING

BROADWAY FURRIER AND CHIEF DESIGNER NOW MAKING SELECTIONS IN THE EAST

NEW conceptions in Spring and Summer furs will be shown at Colburn's, 806 South Broadway, in a few days, and a notable feature of these garments is the fact that they will be shown exclusively by Colburn's in Southern California.

Mr. Colburn has perfected arrangements whereby he will be in a position to show exclusive models throughout the season. This condition is made possible because of the extensive business done by the house, and the recognition of the fact by the big Eastern manufacturers and importers.

Mr. Sidney Schenkel, the head fur designer of the Colburn establishment, will assist Mr. Colburn in the East. Mr. Schenkel is one of America's foremost fur designers. He has had extensive European experience and has held responsible positions in leading Parisian fur houses.

Before leaving for the East Mr. Colburn gave out the following information:

"Los Angeles women are good fur buyers. They realize that with our cool summers and always cool evenings the year round, that furs are not only comfortable and practical, but really indispensable. Almost everybody does more or less motoring in Los Angeles and vicinity and furs are always essential to motoring comfort. Los Angeles women are quick to adopt the late fashions, and particularly in furs. Advice from the world's fashion centers are to the effect that 1918 will be another big year for summer furs. The leading peltrie this season will be sable, and foxes will also continue to be in strong favor. One of the notable features of the new fox models will be their unusual size. There will be very few small fox garments worn."

The new fur creations will arrive very soon, and pending their arrival, the present stock of seasonable fur garments will be offered at remarkably low prices.—Adv.

NEW YORK LETTER

By SHIRLEY HUNTER

(Continued from Page 24)

Fulton Down Town Club of the Y. W. C. A., was opened February 26th. It offers cafeterias, quick lunch counters and dining rooms on the first and second floors. Business men estimate that there are ten times as many women working in the downtown tall buildings as were there six months ago. One house has 425 women in its bond work against 112 a year ago.

Friends of little Billie Campbell, formerly a Los Angeles newspaper man, may learn that he is "up with the birdies" in Italy—stationed at Camp D'Aviazione Sud, Foggia. He says he is nearly ready for his solo flight which has been postponed because of bad weather. "The school here is a very good one," he writes. "No one has yet been killed and there have been only a few minor accidents. I am doing my very best to see that this record is maintained."

Tunic capes and capes militaire and satin frocks have stirred up woman's attention considerably the past few days. Also there is a decided preference for costumes Chinese and Japanese for inside wear—possibly for outer wrap attire as the warmer days come.

Although the newspapers have somewhat treated men's fashion ideas in a sarcastic strain it is a fact that the dictations for spring and summer are wide in scope but accent reserved patterns and colorings and simplicity of line and decoration. It is impossible to be more specific—use good taste easily best expresses it.

I have an apology to make to THE GRAPHIC readers. Someone has written me and stated that I inspired J. J. Geisinger to write a criticism of the California advertisement which recently appeared in some seventy eastern newspapers. He wrote the article for a technical advertising publication and accused the creators of the advertisement of being very unpatriotic. Today I took the opportunity of meeting Mr. Geisinger—over the telephone—and in the future we will do a bit of collaboration when necessary. The writer found that Mr. Geisinger has travelled California from stem to stern many times and is familiar with its undeveloped possibilities and agrees that Southern California has a definite and most interesting merchandise to offer the world—a diversity of industrial, agricultural, mining and business opportunities—and that this merchandise should be thoroughly studied at home for a scientific presentation and right backing-up assistance to those who are attracted.

That this merchandise means economy in labor-turn-over and traffic and work-up of raw materials, factors of utmost importance in the period after peace is declared when this country will cope with a form of competition unknown before the war.

And we both agreed that advertising of a "boost-and-whoop-her-up!" for real estate and tourist prospects type, primitive, untimely and lost its edge. Particularly is it an insult to the intelligence of the East and belongs to the era of the side-show barker for the bearded lady and raw-meat eater.



Women who have money -

Women, burdened with the care of property, find great advantages in Trust Company service.

By relieving them of the arduous duties incident to the care and management of property, it gives time for leisure, social life, self improvement, benevolent work, or travel.

The collective experience of this large organization works directly to the benefit of property, real or personal, placed in our charge. We are enabled to effect important economies, to grasp favorable opportunities, and to avoid serious mistakes.

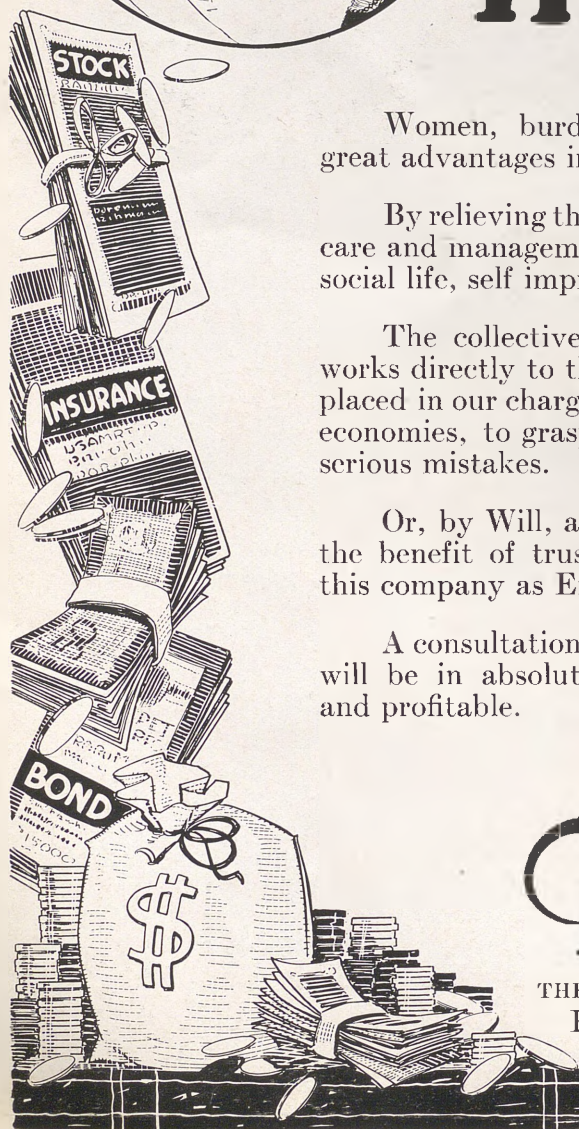
Or, by Will, a woman may give her estate and heirs the benefit of trust company management, by naming this company as Executor and Trustee.

A consultation with our Trust Officers costs nothing, will be in absolute confidence, and may prove helpful and profitable.

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Towering 6100 feet
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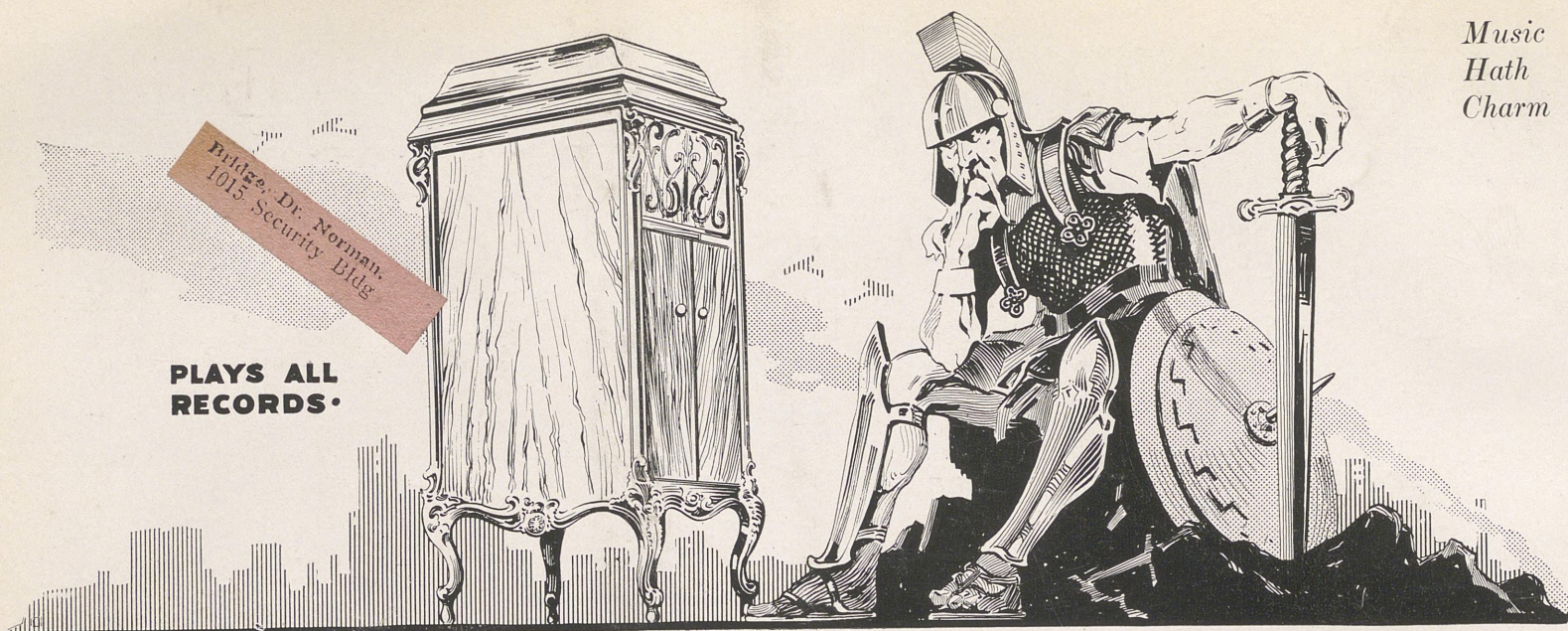
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